In This Issue

VOLUME 152 JUNE 12, 1929 NUMBER 7

Looking Forward 241

Frontispiece: A Fort on the Frontier of Trade . . . 242

Articles

Understanding the Tariff . . 243
By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

Sun and Shadow in Spain . . 246
By T. R. YBARRA

Jones of Washington . . . 247
By RAY T. TUCKER

Why I No Longer Go to Church 258
ANONYMOUS

Financial Article 260
In Defense of the Stock Market
By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

Beethoven: A Biography . . 261
Ninth Installment
By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

The Trend of Events

Arms and the Woman . . . 250
The British Election . . . 250
Through American Eyes . . 250
Fordizing Europe 251
Left Wing Laborites . . . 251
Reparations Puzzle Solved . . 251
The City of the Future . . . 252
Romantic Research . . . 252
Prohibition to Date . . . 252
The Racket 253
Sun's Two Dreams . . . 253
In Re the Air 254
Plagiarism Charges . . . 254
Ninety-Six Cent Wheat . . 254
More "Stunters" 255
The Week's Press Opinion . . 255
Back Stage in Washington . . 256

Editorial

Marriage and the Family . . 257
By A. G. KELLER

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 266
Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
Reviews by THE EDITOR AND LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

American Foreign Policy . 268
By JOHN S. CARTER

Picked at Random . . . 275
By WALTER R. BROOKS

The Theatre 270
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Movies 272
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

Poetry 273
By DOROTHY BENNETT, JOHN HALL WHEELOCK, NOTROM DIVAD AND MARGARET WIDDEMER.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 276
By W. R. BROOKS

From the Life 277
By IBBY HALL

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Looking Forward

ONE OF THE GREAT American illusions is that of Big Names. Let a man invent a new mouse trap, and the world will not only beat a path to his door, it will ask for and be duly impressed by his opinions on poetry, baby feeding, the future of the young generation, and the modernist movement in religion. In time, signed articles by him on these and every other subject which editors can think of, will appear; and another great triumph of the magazine and newspaper world will be reported.

IT IS TRUE THAT his friends will be somewhat astounded—Bill has never been known hitherto for his omniscience, nor even for his wide range of knowledge. His acquaintances, too, will be cynical, while his town will be downright skeptical. Bill makes a good mouse trap—that's all. But what is popularly known as the public—meaning a journal's readers usually—is supposed to be highly impressed; and for all we know to the contrary is, in fact, so; with the exception of those intelligent people who actually read the articles in question.

THE TRUTH SEEMS to be that the considered thought and sincere reality of one man, be he high or low in station, is worth ten superficial discussions, by a man with a famous name, of ideas and events which lie outside his particular field. Famous men can be precisely as unsound on subjects of which they are ignorant as can ordinary men.

WE REMEMBER THAT Dr. Stewart Paton of Princeton once said in effect that the way to happiness in life is not to make a reality of romance, but a romance of reality.

ONE OF THE objects of this magazine is to discover men's realities and, whether or not they are advanced by big names, to consider their truth with our readers. Only in some such way can the truth of the present—and in turn, the probable future—be sifted out of the complexities of human beings and their civilization.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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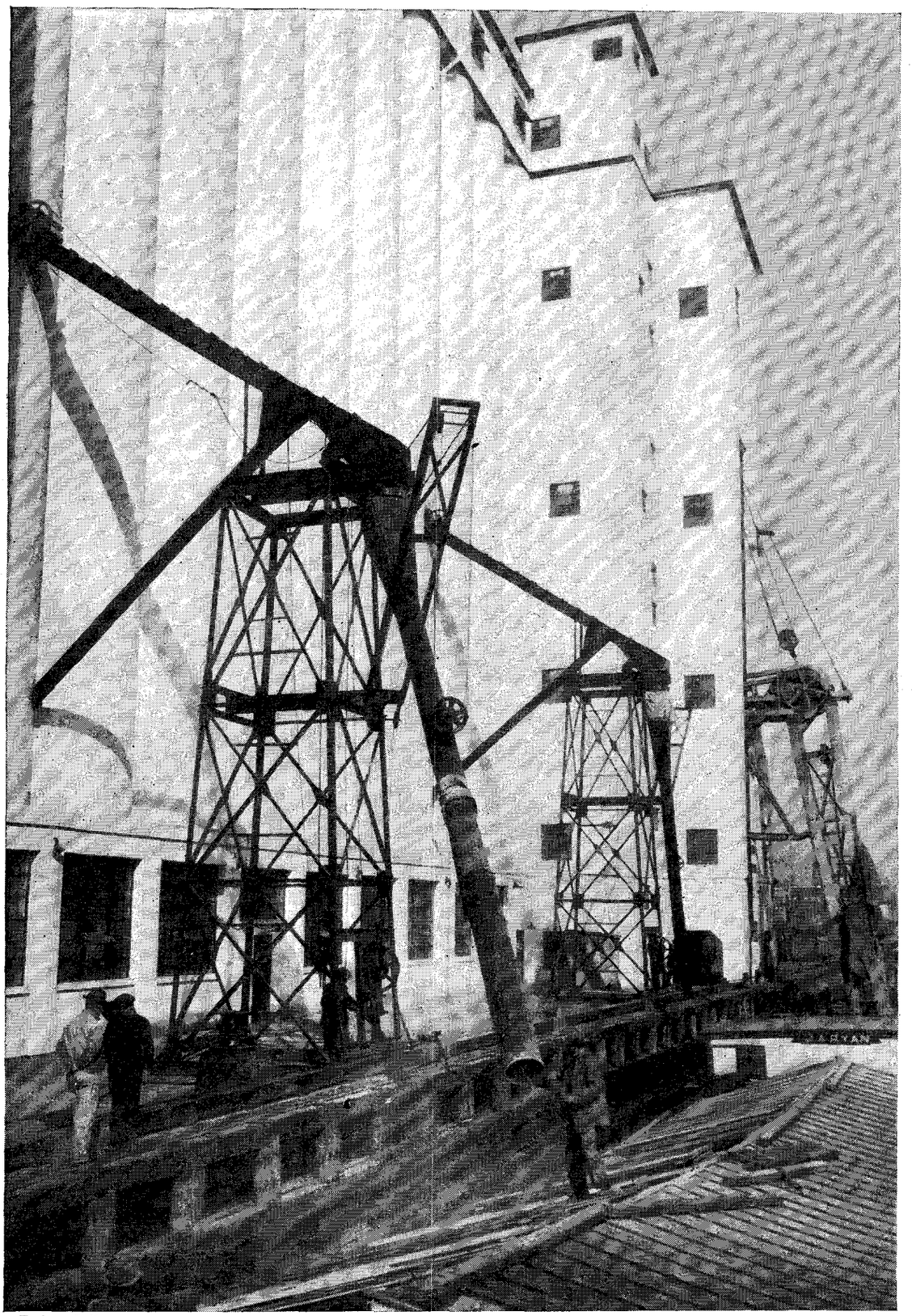

Ewing Galloway

A FORT ON THE FRONTIER OF TRADE

Delivering grain to harbor barges from a New York State canal terminal elevator

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Outlook
and Independent
June 12, 1929

Understanding the Tariff

By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

In his treatment of this stock political issue, the author, in our opinion, has performed a hardy and salutary feat: he has succeeded in reducing one of the most confused and confusing subjects to a few simple, easily understandable principles

WHY should we have a tariff?

Why shouldn't we have a tariff?

Ask the question either way, or ask any other question about the tariff, and we soon find ourselves in a maze of talk about schedules and rates, differentials and comparative costs, cheap European labor and American standards of living, keeping our money at home and high wages for American laborers, the necessities of national defense and the glory of the American eagle.

Unless our informant is an economist or an old-fashioned Democrat, the conclusion of all this talk is that a protective tariff is not only necessary but highly desirable—the higher the better. For the old-fashioned Democrat it is enough that the Republicans want a high tariff. He is therefore for free trade.

The economist advocates the removal of tariff barriers because his study has convinced him that the country would be more prosperous—in the long run—without a tariff.

The economist has very long and very complicated, very erudite and very statistical arguments to prove his case. But the American people have never had the time or patience to follow the scientific exposition of the economist. They have found it easier to accept the short and simple promise of the politician that protection brings prosperity. And they have been sufficiently satisfied with the results to send to the White House a President who favors the protective principle and to elect to both Houses of Congress an overwhelming majority pledged to bigger and better tariffs.

Yet, it is apparent, in spite of the signal victory of the Republicans at the last election, that there are growing doubts as to the validity of the protective theory. Industrialists whose mass production needs outlets abroad are beginning to find their exportation checked by some mysterious force which at the same time, despite tariff protection, is pulling down prices in the home market. Citizens of an inquisitive turn of mind are beginning to ask whether a high tariff is really what we want, or whether it would not be better, under present circumstances at least, to have a lower tariff.

UNLESS HE BE of a peculiarly studious nature, even the most public-spirited citizen is likely to be appalled by the complexity of the tariff question and to allay his apprehensions with the comforting thought that the protective tariff has worked fairly well so far and perhaps it would be best to let it alone. Yet there are some fundamental principles in regard to the tariff which will enable any one to arrive at an intelligent conclusion in regard to it, just as any one can learn to drive an automobile without understanding all of the scientific formulæ back of its construction and operation.

A. Trading is a necessity of life.

No man can make everything he needs. Long before the dawn of history, men discovered the value of specialization. The man who could make good arrows but was a poor shot found it to his advantage to spend his time making arrows and to give them to the skilful hunters in trade for a haunch of venison. This was equally to the advantage of the good shots who were poor arrow-makers. The enormous economic structure of the present day is built up around the simple principle of each man doing the thing he can do most advantageously and trading the product—whether it be goods or services—for the infinite variety of things he needs to satisfy his own wants.

B. Trade benefits both parties.

For a long time after piracy had ceased to be respectable, the business world labored under the delusion that if one side gained in a trade the other side must lose. The hard fact that the losing party would never voluntarily make a bargain on this basis is now generally recognized. In our domestic trade we have gone further. Our merchants carry on a vigorous competition to give those who trade with them the greatest possible advantage. In our foreign trade, however, we still cling to the idea that we can increase our profits by imposing a tariff which will reduce the other fellow's advantage as much as possible. We even deliberately reduce it so much that he refuses to trade at all. When this occurs, we also lose the benefit we might have had from the exchange.

C. All trade is barter.

Because practically all purchases are made in terms of money, this essential fact is easily overlooked. When the farmer buys a radio he may pay for it in cash or by a check on the bank. In

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either case what he really does is to give the radio man a memorandum to the effect that he owes him a certain amount of farm produce. The radio man can either go to the farmer and redeem this memorandum by taking an equivalent amount of vegetables, or, in return for something else that he needs, he may turn the memorandum—cash or check—over to some one else who will use the farmer's product. Money is a vastly useful mechanism to facilitate the exchange of all kinds of goods in all kinds of quantities among all kinds of people. But it has no value except as it can be converted into goods or services and thus complete an actual barter.

WITH THESE THREE fundamental principles of trade in our minds we may turn to international trade and the effect of a protective tariff. Here, too, we may find some fundamental principles.

D. The more trade, the more profit.

Trade is not as great a necessity of national life as of individual life. Conceivably a nation can come nearer to producing everything it needs than can an individual. Yet no existing nation can attain self-sufficiency except at heavy cost. All of them can produce some things more advantageously than others. Just as in the case of the individual, it is to their advantage to trade. And the greater the trade, the greater the advantage.

Take, for example, Florida and Pennsylvania. Florida raises oranges but has no steel mills. Pennsylvania produces steel but cannot grow oranges save in a hothouse. It is obviously to the advantage of both to exchange their surplus production. And the greater the amount of trade, the greater the advantage.

E. Tariff walls decrease the volume of trade.

This principle, obvious as it seems on its face, has been the subject of endless argument. The advocates of protection claim that by increasing the prosperity behind the tariff wall, the purchasing power available for imports is increased and that the net result is an increase in the amount of foreign trade. The steady growth of the foreign trade of this country over the tariff wall is pointed to as proof of this contention. The fundamental fact remains, however, that any substantial barrier to trade must decrease the advantage of the exchange to one side or the other. This decrease in advantage will wipe out some portion of the trade from which, if it had remained, the other side would have received some benefit.

F. A protective tariff lowers the standard of living of the country which maintains it.

Here we are close to the major false premise of the protectionist argument. One statement of this false premise, ascribed—probably unjustly—to Lincoln, is that "if we buy steel rails abroad, we get the rails and the foreigner gets the money; while if we buy steel rails at home we have both the rails and the money." This statement ignores the fact that it is not money that is the subject of trade but goods. We would not send money abroad in payment for these rails. One cannot spend dollars in England or France or Germany. The rails would actually be paid for by shipping abroad some products of this country, such as wheat, Substitute "wheat" for "money" in the statement quoted, and the situation is at once clarified. "If we buy steel rails abroad, we get the rails and the foreigner gets the wheat; while if we buy steel rails at home we have both the rails and the wheat." But what good does this do us if we already have more wheat than we can use? Wheat that would have been useful to purchase those rails is now a drug on the market, lowering the value of all the wheat in the country. And as an additional burden we have had to expend part of the national energy in making the rails.

THIS IS THE WAY the protective tariff works. Without a tariff, the farmer would be able to buy, let us say, four yards of cloth for a bushel of wheat. The price would be the same whether he bought it in this country or abroad. Suppose a duty of twenty-five per cent is levied on this cloth. The farmer will then receive only three yards of cloth for his bushel of wheat. Instantly the value in terms of cloth of all the wheat in the country has been reduced one quarter while the cloth manufacturer saves a yard on every bushel he buys.

It makes no difference how often this process is repeated or how the percentages may vary, a protective tariff works in exactly this way. The producer of a protected article makes an additional profit at the cost of a much greater loss to the people as a whole. Thus the buying power of the national income is diminished every time a single tariff duty is raised. The standard of living is correspondingly lower than it would be without the tariff.

This fundamental principle is not altered in the slightest by the various claims which are made for the beneficence of the protective tariff. It is said that the tariff by encouraging domestic industries, provides an additional home market for American products. It does, but only at the cost of losing a more profitable foreign market. If this argument were valid it would apply equally well to Florida and Pennsylvania. Yet if Florida insisted on producing its own steel and Pennsylvania its own oranges, it would obviously be a very costly process for both. Economic laws are as ignorant of international frontiers as they are of State boundaries.

IT IS SAID by the advocates of protection that by purchasing at home we make two profits instead of one. This is to talk in money instead of goods. It is to ignore the fact that we derive an advantage—a profit—from imports as well as exports. We do make two profits from domestic trade behind a tariff wall; we also make two profits from foreign trade—and when there is no tariff wall those profits are larger than the domestic profits behind the wall.

Again the protectionist says we save the freight from abroad by being forced to buy domestic goods. This is nonsense. If the buyer had to pay the freight on foreign goods in addition to the home price, no tariff would be necessary. The expense of delivery in this country is part of the foreigners' cost of production and unless that is below the domestic cost, there will be no imports.

The clinching argument for protection is that it raises American wages. Wages are generally a large item in the cost of production. American wages are the highest in the world. If this were because of the protective tariff we could never sell anything abroad in competition with the products of other countries. Yet last year we sold to foreign countries over five billion dollars' worth of competitive products ranging from wheat to automobiles. While there was a tariff on some of these products, it was in every case wholly inoperative. Where an American product can compete abroad it is impossible for a foreign producer to compete with it in this country even

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though he has to pay no duty. American wages are higher because American laborers are more efficient—that is, more productive.

There is one case, however, where the tariff makes an apparent contribution to American wages. An industry which cannot survive without the protective tariff affords employment at current wages to laborers. But it does so because it is receiving a contribution in the form of artificially high prices from every other industry in the land. Because of this contribution these other industries work under a burden which forces them to pay lower wages and employ fewer men. The final result is a net loss to the country, a decrease in purchasing power and a lower standard of living.

THUS THE ECONOMIST makes out a strong case against protection. Should we then move to abolish the tariff forthwith?

Not until we have examined some further points in its favor.

G. Protection may be necessary to enable a country to begin its industrial development.

This is the so-called "infant industry" argument. A new country whose activities are almost wholly agricultural finds it difficult to establish even industries for which it is naturally adapted. Foreign producers, in order to prevent the establishment of new industries can always afford to forego their profits for a time, and thus save the market. Under such circumstances a new country can afford the cost of a protective tariff for a period in the hope of securing future benefits from the cheaper production of a domestic industry.

Unfortunately this hope has a way of receding into the unmeasured future. Few industries having once enjoyed protection readily acknowledge that the need for protection has passed. Economically, the answer should be that if after a certain period the industry has not outgrown the need for protection, it is obviously unfitted to the country. And the rest of the people should no longer be called upon to pay for its artificial support.

It would be unfair to the capital and labor employed in such an industry and would deter others from attempting in good faith to establish other industries, to remove the tariff forthwith. If the tariff were cut ten per cent a year, however, these pampered producers would have the opportunity to put their industry on an efficient basis or transfer its capital and labor to other industries where they could be more profitably used. Naturally both the capital and labor involved will resist such a course. They will insist upon their subsidy and will continue to enjoy it as long as the rest of the country is foolish enough to pay it.

H. Protection helps to prepare a country for defense in war.

The one argument for protection which the economist cannot adequately answer is its influence in making the country self-sufficient in the event of war. Suppose it were economically possible to import all of our automobile and airplane motors from Belgium cheaper than we could build them here. In the event of war we should be at the mercy of Belgium or of any country with sufficient naval power to cut off our imports from Belgium. Obviously any nation would rather pay a little more for domestic motors than remain in this position.

The defense argument, however, cannot be carried to its logical conclusion—a completely self-contained country. Even the most rabid protectionists admit there is a limit to its application. Theoretically it might be possible to produce in this country—in hothouses—all the rubber we consume. Assume that it could be produced at three times the present price, the cost of this self-sufficiency in rubber would thus be about a billion dollars a year. So far the protectionists have not combined with the greenhouse men to ask for such a subsidy.

It is not clear, however, where the line is to be drawn. This country is not much better adapted to sugar production than it is to rubber production. Yet because of the sugar tariff the American people are forced to pay an annual premium of $216,500,000 on sugar in order that about twenty per cent of the supply may be produced in this country. The Government gets $124,500,000 of this. The home industry gets about $43,000,000. The rest is divided between the sugar producers of the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico. Protectionists apparently believe that it is worth $92,000,000 a year to foster a twenty per cent American sugar industry while it is not worth a billion dollars a year to produce our own rubber. Just where the line is to be drawn between these two is not clear.

From a consideration of this brief sketch of the tariff situation we may venture to add two more suggestions, more in the nature of conclusions than fundamental principles.

I. The sudden abolition of the tariff would be disastrous.

There are many industries in the United States which depend upon the tariff for their existence. Many others are conducted behind the tariff wall in so inefficient a manner that considerable reorganization would be necessary to enable them to prosper after the tariff was removed. The withdrawal of capital and labor from the unsuitable industries and the readjustment in the inefficient industries would produce an economic crisis of a most serious character if they had to be done all at once. The American people can better afford the cost of a gradual readjustment than the loss which such a crisis would entail.

J. A FIXED ANNUAL reduction in the tariff would be to the advantage of the country as a whole.

As unrestricted trade abroad would be of as great benefit to the country as it has been in the domestic field, it is desirable to arrive at that state as quickly as it can be done without disaster to our tariff-pampered industries. Any uncertainty as to the future is far more confusing to business than even substantial difficulties which are known and can be discounted in advance. If Congress would fix a schedule which should reduce the present duties by ten per cent in each year for the next ten years, the business world would know with some certainty what conditions it would have to face and be able to make adjustments accordingly. With some, but far from absolute, certainty.

If we can conceive of one Congress which would pass such a law in the face of the enormous concentration of pressure which the protected interests could bring to bear, we must also conceive of succeeding Congresses being able to resist the insistence of these interests upon repeal or revision of the law. While this may seem hopeless at present, it must not be forgotten that the rapid progress of mass production is adding every year to the number of industries producing for export. The protective tariff is of no value to these industries. On the contrary, it hampers them by increasing the cost of living and production in this country and excluding for-

(Please Turn to Page 276)

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Sun and Shadow in Spain

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

SPAIN is in holiday garb. Seville has just opened her exposition with a great fanfare of enthusiasm; the twin exposition at Barcelona has thrown wide its gates. Foreign visitors from many countries are flocking alike to the beautiful Queen of Andalusia and to the busy metropolis of Catalonia. Seville and Barcelona in their exposition finery are being held out to the world as bait by other Spanish towns, where no expositions are scheduled this year, yet which are wonderful "sights" in themselves—Toledo and Burgos, Granada and Cordova, Salamanca, Segovia and Madrid. Yes, Spain is in holiday garb—yet not quite in holiday mood!

Behind the façade of finery put on for this exposition year there are disquieting symptoms. Amid the gay music accompanying *corridas* and processions at Seville, amid the martial notes of the military bands ushering in the exposition months at Barcelona, there are grumblings and growlings—suggestive of earthquakes, of volcanic eruptions. All is not well in Spain in this sixth year of the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella. He seems firmly seated in the saddle, to be sure. Yet Spaniards abroad and in Spain, foreign observers of things Spanish, shake their heads when you mention the situation in the land south of the Pyrenees. It is difficult to get anything definite out of them; they usually refuse to prophesy. They merely point to the recent troubles between Primo de Rivera and officers of the Spanish army, to the recent serious disturbances at Valencia and elsewhere in Spain, and murmur: "Wait!"

To many a foreigner the most interesting phase of the Spanish situation is the present status of King Alfonso XIII. There are Spaniards who will tell you that, for the first time in his career, the popularity of Alfonso shows signs of waning in the land over which he has so long reigned. The reason for this, you are told, is that he has identified himself altogether too much with the Spanish dictatorship. The King, it is felt in some quarters, should be above all parties; he should hold the balance true amid warring factions, refuse to lend a too-willing ear to any fisher in the troubled waters of politics.

Why is not Alfonso like King Victor Emmanuel III. of Italy, ask Spanish malcontents. In Italy the monarch has managed to keep himself aloof from Fascismo, to preserve something like royal independence even in face of so dominating a personality as Signor Mussolini. Not so in Spain!—From the outset of the dictatorship—according to Spanish grumblers—Alfonso has been hand in glove with the Dictator—"Primo de Rivera can do no wrong—all is well provided it emanates from him!" Hence, for the first time, unpopularity for Alfonso—hitherto as popular a monarch as ever held sway in the sensitive, turbulent Iberian peninsula.

ALL THIS sort of thing must, of course, be taken with a grain of salt. Spaniards love to grumble, to shake their heads over what may happen tomorrow. In the midst of all these mysterious rollings of the eye and waggings of the head there are many among the subjects of Alfonso who refuse to do any calamity-howling. Such Spaniards will tell you that the King is as popular as ever he was, that the régime of Primo de Rivera, being just what the Spaniards want, will continue indefinitely, despite the machinations of his foes in and out of Spain. They ridicule the idea that the joyous façade erected by Spain to accompany the expositions at Seville and Barcelona serves to hide political shortcomings and impending troubles. Nothing of the sort! "Viva Sevilla! Viva Barcelona!" On with the dance!

Which reminds one that, in choosing Seville and Barcelona for this summer's great expositions, the Spaniards picked out the very antipodes of Spain. Present-day Spain is a struggle between the Barcelona Idea and the Seville Idea. In Barcelona, the Catalans insist that the former is bound to prevail; but go to Seville and you will find every Sevillian, every Andalusian from the surrounding countryside jeering at Barcelona and the Catalans and insisting that Spain, as incarnated in the lovely city on the Guadalquivir, is the real article and, as such, destined to reign in languorous splendor long after upstart Barcelona has got her deserts.

Barcelona is business; Seville, leisure. Barcelona is Pittsburgh; Seville the South Seas. Barcelona is speed and noise and adding-machines; Seville is music and moonlight and sparkling eyes. Barcelona is fact; Seville romance. Barcelona is Henry Ford; Seville is Sheherazade.

To American visitors gathered at her exposition, Seville will tell no tales of push and achievement; instead, she will lure them past the tower of the Giralda, alive with Moorish memories, and seek, with tinkling guitars and splashing fountains, to make them forget Wall Street and all its works. But, in Barcelona, the American will be tempted to praise by other methods. "We are called the Yankees of Spain," the Catalans will inform him. "Here you have chimneys and bales of goods and the clink of money! Don't you feel quite at home here? Seville—Toledo—Granada—bah! They're not Spain!"

Hearing which, the Sevillian, with a look of contempt which no words can heighten, turns away his head and resumes his guitar-strumming.

THE STRUGGLE between the Barcelona and the Seville Ideas is excellently summed up in a little story told by Spaniards. Once a Barcelonese, visiting Seville, was taken by a Sevillian friend to the top of the Giralda and shown what to the Sevillian was the loveliest of cities, spread out beneath, surrounded by olive groves and orange trees, bathed in sunlight, resplendent in beauty. The Catalan gazed for a moment. Then he said, in tones of high displeasure:

"But I see no factories!"

And here is the pendant to the story:

An important official of the Spanish government—who happened to be a Sevillian—went to Barcelona. They took him to the top of the Tibidabo Hill, dominating the city, and proudly showed him smoking factory chimneys, honking motorcars, all the pulsating life of a rich, up-to-date metropolis. The official contemplated the picture; then, with an impatient toss of the head, he exclaimed petulantly:

"Absurd! I don't understand how we of the government have ever allowed this sort of thing!"

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Jones of Washington

A Portrait of the Author of the "Five and Ten" Law

By RAY T. TUCKER

Despite his intimate connection with the harshest law yet produced by prohibition, the gentleman from Washington does not emerge from this portrait as a fanatic. Like so many of his faith, he learned his temperance lesson at the knee of a stern, pioneer mother. Such lessons seem impervious to time

WHEN WETS read recently that Senator Wesley Livsey Jones of Washington had never noticed any drinking in the Nation's Capital, or elsewhere, and that he did not believe youth had mastered the grip of the cocktail shaker, the alcoholic chorus thereupon added the charge of hypocrisy to the indictment of fanaticism which they had leveled against him for his fathership of the "five and ten law." It was inconceivable to them that a man in possession of his five senatorial senses should take such an optimistic view of the noble experiment.

Yet the Senator is quite honest in these testimonials, as his friends and enemies—if he has any of the latter—will agree. If he neither sees nor hears the corks pop, and if he thinks that the younger generation constitutes a cherubic and temperate order of beings, it is simply because he goes no place where he would see evidence to the contrary; and should he forego his 9 o'clock bedtime hour and step out for an evening, he walks well protected against sights and sounds that might grieve him or destroy his illusions. His host or hostess takes care that he does not stray into the shrine set apart for illegal hospitality, by the simple process of separating the rest of the masculine guests from Senator Jones. And so devoid of guile or suspicion is the Senator that the sudden parade of a male battalion into the reception room, with smirkings and smackings of their lips, does not disturb him or pique his curiosity. Even if it did, he is such a kindly soul that he would sooner suffer in silence than give hurt to his host or hostess by asking embarrassing questions. He is, perhaps, more tolerant than some of his critics.

Moreover, the Senator who has sent the price of liquor sky-rocketing and driven timorous bootleggers out of the business is not a fanatic on the subject of individual drinking; in fact, it is doubtful if there is a more broad-minded dry in or out of Congress. It is related that at many a pre-prohibition affair he often varied his practice of turning down his goblet upon the assurance of a table-mate that he could down both rations of rum. On a Congressional committee's fairly recent junket to Mexico he sat outside a barroom while his less conscientious colleagues did as the Mexicans do, and there was no trace of reproof on his placid countenance.

"I do not worry so much about wealthy men enjoying themselves with a little drink now and then—if they really enjoy it—for if they harm themselves, it doesn't make so much difference," he philosophized. "It's what it does to the poor that I object to—the hurt to innocent women and children. This alone makes the whole struggle for prohibition worth while."

When Senator Jones speaks of the suffering of "the poor," whether it is due to liquor or other causes, he talks with a tone of authority. His life has been filled with shadows rather than sunshine since the day he was born at Bethany in central Illinois, the posthumous son of a father who had been fatally wounded while fighting under Grant at Fort Donelson. He feels a distinct kinship with the lowly born and placed, and he derives many of his prejudices and ambitions from his own humble origin and his unceasing efforts to overcome its handicaps. From his earliest days to this the Senator has clung to a single philosophy: "to get ahead and to do his duty as he saw it."

As a matter of fact, the Jones law was not his own idea; it came from the minds of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General in charge of liquor matters, and Dr. E. C. Dinwiddie, formerly of the Anti-Saloon League but now connected with the amalgamated anti-alcohol association. The Department of Justice, it seems, had found the normal penalties to be too light to discourage criminal and commercial violators, and experience had taught that use of the conspiracy clauses in an effort to obtain prison sentences was unavailing. Dr. Dinwiddie's drys, naturally, were in full sympathy with the departmental proposal for more drastic punishment, and they discussed the question with Senator Jones. Since he had been giving some thought to the ease with which bootlegging conspirators had escaped conviction in his own State, the idea appealed to him. Nevertheless, he suggested that it would be more appropriate if a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee introduced the proposed measure. The drys, having a keen sense of appreciation for his industry and perseverance, signified their desire for him to shoulder the burden, and he acquiesced. Nobody was more amazed than Senator Jones when he awoke one morning to discover the wrath of a large portion of the citizenry descending upon his well-meaning head, especially as he had sponsored the measure solely as a means of punishing vicious, persistent and large-scale violators in proportion to their offenses.

YET THIS LAW providing five-year prison sentences and ten-thousand-dollar fines for prohibition violators springs quite naturally from Senator Jones's background. His has not been an easy or elastic life. Had there been inclination, which is doubtful, there was never opportunity for development of a social sense; there were never any hours for cultivation of the softer arts, and but few hours for contemplation of historical or humanistic vistas which might have led him into less circumscribed avenues of thought. It would, indeed, be surprising if the life of this good, gray Senator had not left him a grim, earnest and unsmiling man—the author of the most drastic prohibition law ever written into our statutes. That law, however, was not directed against individuals or society, as he conceives it. Nor believing that anybody actually derives enjoyment from liquor—he has never tasted it except when it was given him as medicine—he does not feel that he has robbed anybody of joy or beauty or dreams. He merely sought to make possible enforcement of a law which, in his opinion, contributes to the well being, the happiness and the prosperity of great masses of people.

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It is, perhaps, not difficult to discover the source of his attitude toward prohibition. For years his character was shaped by a Pennsylvania mother whose Dutch-Scotch-Irish ancestry made her a bitter believer in those bloody issues of the 1860's and 1920's—abolition and prohibition. His father, of whom, strangely, he can tell nothing, came from West Virginia, whence emigrated many an abolitionist into non-slave-holding Illinois. Nor were there any counteracting influences in the early years of this fatherless boy. His childhood was one of work and poverty; his birthplace was a log cabin, with an unfloored outhouse for kitchen. If "Honesty is the best policy," and "Early to bed, early to rise—" were not wall mottoes that held his youthful eyes and mind, they were the teachings of a frugal and God-fearing mother.

WHEN HE WAS less than ten years old, his hours from school were given to the dull and deadening labor of a farm hand. With the first day of vacation on April 1, he became a "bound out" boy; he chopped wood, split rails, cleared stubble, sowed and harvested corn, and ran a plow and team until it grew too dark to guide a horse or swing an axe. Supper eaten, he tumbled into bed; he had no leisure for play or reading or even the vagrant fancies of childhood.

Looking back, however, he does not find that it hurt him, but it is obvious that he refers only to his emergence with a sturdy, raw-boned body. In fact, he seems to take pride in this display of adolescent industry, as he does now in the unequalled record of long and laborious hours on the Senate floor, in committee rooms or in his own office after adjournment. The almost beaming manner with which he admits that he is and always has been a hard worker has something of the masochistic in it. The child is father of the Senator.

Now, as then, he likes to tell that it is no effort to arise before daybreak, to drive off the first tee as soon as dawn has streaked the sky. Several years ago he took up golf as a better means of keeping fit than his former exercise of bowling, and he plays his daily eighteen holes spring, summer and fall. His golfing companion is Representative William B. Oliver, a Phi Beta Kappa Democrat from Alabama, who, like Jones, is a lugubrious but immensely likeable figure. The Senator shoots a good, slow, methodical game, with a score that rarely varies more than one or two strokes from 95. He and Oliver make an even-tempered pair; the Senator's most heated expletives are "My, my!" and "Just look at that ball!"—exclamations which draw from Oliver the whimsical comment that such blasphemy is unforgivable.

Senator Jones is usually the first to reach the Senate Office Building in the morning and the last to leave it at night. As Republican whip, a member of the important Appropriations Committee and chairman of the Commerce Committee, he has many extra-curriculum duties which he discharges with characteristic faithfulness. Moreover, he never neglects the interests or inquisitiveness of his own constituency, and requires that letters be answered the day they arrive, if possible. When other Senators are swapping jokes or smoking in the cloakroom—he has not tasted tobacco since he used to light his mother's pipe—the Senator from Washington is glued to his seat, following the debate, no matter how dull or unimportant it may be, or keeping up with his correspondence. He speaks only when he has something to say, and he violates another Senate tradition by showing qualities of endurance in listening to others that are little short of remarkable. During the filibuster against the ship purchase bill he spoke for eleven hours at a stretch, but unlike his colleagues, he did not resort to reading of the Bible, Shakespeare or even Robert W. Service; he addressed himself to the bill under consideration. Though his oratorical efforts are never spectacular, and he has none of the arts of the spell-binder, he has an earnestness and simplicity that often prevail where eloquence would fail. Democrats as well as Republicans trust him implicitly, rarely challenging his assertions or statements of fact as they do those of a Smoot, Watson or Fess. Even in the Senate, it seems, there is appreciation of the quality of intellectual honesty, and none denies this to Jones of Washington.

A REPUBLICAN and conservative he was born—it is in the blood—and achievement has deepened the imprint. Nevertheless, there are occasions when he exhibits an independence that is puzzling and painful to the party leaders. He himself denies the virtue of hard-and-fast classification.

"I am a Republican," he says, "but I try to do what I think is right on each question as it arises. Sometimes I may be with the so-called Progressives, but it is only because I am acting as I think I ought to. As a matter of fact, it is the so-called Progressives who are the real standpatters because their minds are often made up and they refuse to change."

His life outside his senatorial routine is almost as simple as in his farming days. More often than not, he is in bed at 9 o'clock to store up energy for the morrow's round; there are not many men of sixty-six who lead a life as active as his.

THE FULLNESS of his day forces him to defer reading the morning papers until after the dinner hour. When he reads or studies, it is necessarily in preparation for handling or discussing such subjects as agriculture, reclamation, water power or merchant marine, on all of which he is a student and authority. Should there be leisure for other intellectual diversion, he turns to biographical or historical works, and the period that interests him most is the early stage of the development of the United States. When time hangs heavy, as it did during a recent illness, he gallops on imaginary mustangs through novels of Western adventure; and this man whose days have been so empty of romance or richness admits that "the wilder they are, the better I like them." For the theatre or music he has little urge. Once a week, but never oftener, he and Mrs. Jones, in company with friends, may go to the play or the movies, where he seeks surcease in "funny stuff."

"I don't want to see anything sad on the stage or in the movies," he confesses. "There's enough sadness all around us. Now and then I enjoy a serious show, but not often. I like things bright and lively. I saw 'Blossom Time,' and I thought it was one of the best shows I had seen in a long while. It was a nice, clean play, with nice costumes and scenery, but with just enough of a story in it."

Senator Jones epitomizes the sentiment of rural America; he is the personification of the country boy come to legislative judgment. Small though the towns were in the vicinity where he grew up, he was not even a "town boy;" he always lived a "few miles out." His mother allowed him only one hour for visits or errands to town and "the worst licking I ever got was because I overstayed my leave once." When he

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was seven years old, he saw his first and only example of intoxication, he says, yet he remembers the scene as vividly "as if it were yesterday." The inebriate had climbed a slender sapling, and the two were swaying crazily in the dusk. He knew it was a drunken man because his mother called his attention to the tipsy and distorted figure as evidence of what liquor would do to the human soul. Likewise he remembers the indignation of his neighbors against a "town druggist" accused of violating the liquor laws.

To this sort of bucolic boyhood Jones was bound until his seventeenth year, when he migrated to southern Illinois —to that Egypt which was then and still is a land of bondage in many respects. In his day it was a region of amazing inconsistencies, populated by folk who were fiercely orthodox in their religious beliefs but quite realistic in their manner of living. It was a sparse and dingy country and the means of livelihood came hard. It was settled during successive waves of Westward emigration by Southern mountaineers whose poverty prevented them from owning slaves, and thus made of them abolitionists, if only from economic envy. Into this Egyptian peninsula between the Wabash and Mississippi Rivers dropped the heavier particles of the waves—human driftwood whose money or energy gave out before they could reach the promised land of fertility farther west. Republicanism and prohibition these childlike people took as seriously as their Biblical folklore. Here in the heart of the Bible Belt, where, strangely, such sects as the Mormons and Holy Rollers had numerous adherents, Senator Jones got his schooling. Though not of these people, he lived among them—and always "a few miles out"—for five, formative years.

He lists his alma mater as "Southern Illinois College" in the Congressional Directory, whereas Senator Borah, another distinguished alumnus, calls it an "academy." Actually it appears to have been little more than a high school. After three months' schooling young Jones took charge of an ungraded, country schoolhouse, where the courses ranged from the alphabet to arithmetic, history and grammar—McGuffey's Sixth Reader.

Subsequently he studied and taught at the college, and was graduated in 1885 in a class of two. After another summer of farm work, he left for Chicago to read law. His study of Coke and Blackstone was scantily supplemented with a three months' course at a law school. Food and lodging, poor but preserving, were earned by teaching two hours each evening in the public night schools.

In the spring of 1886 he was admitted to the Illinois bar, but he concedes, with a smile for the youthful shrewdness he displayed, that a letter to the judge in charge of admissions, wherein he contrasted his ambitions with his difficulties, may have induced the court to overlook his scholastic shortcomings. His first experience with the law at Decatur was disappointing; he was losing rather than making money

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SENATOR WESLEY L. JONES

He has never tasted liquor except when it was given him as a medicine

and he was not "getting ahead." Nevertheless, he married and soon there was a baby. His thoughts turned toward the West, where he figured he could "get ahead" more rapidly, but his mother objected and he abandoned the idea for a while.

The law, however, was merely a rung in his ladder. In Egypt he had fallen under the spell of "the plumed knight," the tumultuous scenes of the 1884 campaign, the torchlight parades, uniformed boys' marching clubs and such legendary figures as Governors and members of Congress. He made a few speeches in the 1884 and 1888 campaigns and enjoyed the experience. Having read "The Lives of the Presidents," the country book salesman's classic of those days, he saw no reason why he should not hope to emulate his heroes in some small degree and wrote to a friend that he was charting his course for a seat in Congress; but it was like his unpretentious, unostentatious nature to hitch his wagon to the humble House. He sealed his political ambitions by attending the inauguration of Harrison, and upon his return home he said good-bye to his wife and baby girl, Hazel, and rode the day coach to the Territory of Washington.

With $2.50 in his pocket he landed in Yakima on the eastern side of the Cascades—a hamlet of 1,000 inhabitants flattened into a hot, dusty and uninviting desert, but, as Jones says, young and growing. Though opportunities were wider in Spokane or Seattle, he preferred a little town. His income, first from a real estate clerkship and then from the law, was meager, but he sent for his family and lived quietly and humbly, as always. Just as he had masticated a rudimentary education in Egypt and the law at Chicago, he bought bound abstracts of the local statutes and put out his shingle in Yakima. He also took up the thread of politics. Asking nothing of the bosses, he participated in the campaign every two years as a volunteer. He became a familiar figure as he trudged or rode or paddled through the sandy stretches and rocky streams of nearby counties. People, after a few meetings, came to like him, as they do in Washington. Despite no recognition for his first ten years, he stuck to his biennial political pilgrimages; they were, it would seem, a duty rather than a pleasure and also the only means of achieving his ambition.

After a decade of this pedestrian service accident got him his first nomination. Washington, now a State, had been a hotbed of populism and free silverites in 1896, and Bryan had carried it over McKinley. So in 1898 the bosses suggested that the organization's own candidate for Representative-at-Large stand aside for the nomination and supposed slaughter of the willing, young Mr. Jones. It was the latter's luck, however—and his first smile of fortune—that a sudden wave of prosperity and nationalism should sweep him into office. There he has stayed ever since.

His thirty years in House and Senate have won him the reputation of an effective legislator rather than statesman, yet this is as he would have it. In his ten years in the House his chief concern was for the bread-and-butter needs of his own State, as his most important committee assignments — Merchant

(Please Turn to Page 273)

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The Trend of Events

Arms and the Woman

LIKE MANY QUAKERS and other citizens, Rosika Schwimmer, Hungarian pacifist, declares that under no circumstances would she bear arms. Hence, a majority of the Supreme Court has barred her from becoming an American citizen.

Cynics chortle over this decision from the highest court of a Nation which has just elected a Quaker President, which has just renounced war and pledged itself to the peaceful settlement of all disputes. Delighted, they note that the Court has upheld a lower Federal tribunal in Illinois, a State well known for its joy in arms-bearing.

But the case has more serious aspects. Unfortunately, the Supreme Court's tight-minded decision is in line with several it has handed down within the past decade. It is to the credit of Justices Holmes and Brandeis that these illiberal rulings consistently have evoked their dissent; to their credit that they oppose the majority opinion in this case.

In a wise and witty addition to the unforgettable list of his opinions, Justice Holmes writes a rule which deserves to be memorized. "If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other," he declares, "it is the principle of free thought, not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought that we hate." Other members of the Court would do well to emulate the attitude of this eminent American. So doing, they might avoid the unpleasantly restrictive philosophy which has featured several recent decisions and which is discouraging many who have been the Court's sincerest admirers.

In its pursuit of wealth and power, America has abandoned the ideal of liberty, writes that shrewd analyist, André Siegfried. There have been times of late when the Supreme Court's acquiescence in that abandonment has been altogether too hearty.

In the Schwimmer case it holds that freedom of conscience permissible in old citizens would be intolerable in new citizens. Moreover, it invites the question whether unwillingness to bear arms may not fairly be outweighed by other factors. Certainly there are other proofs of loyalty than willingness to go to the front. The Court's decision is not ennobled by the fact that Mrs. Schwimmer would never be obliged to renounce her pacifism and shoulder a gun.

The British Election

THOUGH RAMSAY MACDONALD will soon take up the reins as Britain's Premier and will hold them as long as he can, the striking Labor victory was not decisive enough to insure a well-supported and continuing Labor Government. Labor, which sent its first

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ROSIKA SCHWIMMER

Barred from citizenship because she "would not take up arms personally"

representative to Parliament in 1870 and had two members in 1900, now has about 290. But, while this is a plurality of the 615 members of the House of Commons, it is not a majority. More than half a hundred seats are held by Liberals.

Laborites scarcely could have been prevented from making large gains in this election. Britain was yawning at Premier Baldwin's cautiousness and fidgeting at the Conservative slogan, "Safety First." Lloyd George increased the swing to Labor by launching 500 Liberal candidacies in a futile attempt to revive his party, thereby splitting the Conservative vote. How far Britain is prepared to go with the Laborites is another question; it is noteworthy that all Communist candidates were defeated and that the Labor platform was by no means violently "radical."

The fact that Conservatives bear Lloyd George a grudge for having "Bull Moosed" them out of many Parliamentary seats may prevent the Conservative-Liberal coalition which has been discussed and which could make life miserable for a Labor Cabinet and eventually defeat it. Lloyd George's party garnered but five per cent of the seats, for all its 5,000,000 out of the 22,000,000 votes cast; nevertheless, he has the balance of power. According to his use of it, Laborites and Conservatives may teeter up or down.

While women voters outnumbered men this year, they showed no inclination to rally to the support of members of their own sex. Only thirteen women were elected. One of these is Lloyd George's daughter, Megan. Another is the inevitable Lady Astor, who squeezed into office this time with but 200 votes to spare, and will occupy a place among the 250 or more Conservatives.

Through American Eyes

LABORITES PREDICT that the second British Labor Government to be formed will have a much longer life than the first, which lasted from January 23 to October 8, 1924. Granted this, how would it affect us?

Should Great Britain again recognize the Soviet Government, the United States would be about the only large Nation which is still officially unaware of Russia's existence, although our trade with Russia is large. Henry Ford, for example, has just closed a deal with the Soviet Government involving about $30,000,000-worth of his well-known products. No doubt British recognition of Russia would be followed by demands for American recognition.

A MacDonald Government might lean away from the United States on the war debts and toward the United States on the freedom of the seas. But of the greatest immediate importance is the probability that it would be far more eager than a Conservative Government for disarmament. In his Memorial Day address President Hoover reiterated the hope, expressed by American dele-

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gates at the recent session of the League's Preparatory Disarmament Commission, that naval armaments would be not merely limited but reduced. It is assumed that a Labor Government would examine the American disarmament proposals with a friendly eye.

Prospects for naval reduction, fairly bright before the British election, are even brighter now that Labor has come out on top. Since an ordinary 10,000-ton cruiser costs about twice as much as the Library of Congress, since our Navy Department has advocated a building program involving an outlay of more than $1,000,000,000—so says Secretary of State Stimson—it is plain that improvement in the outlook for disarmament signifies improvement in the outlook for American taxpayers.

➤➤*Fordizing Europe*

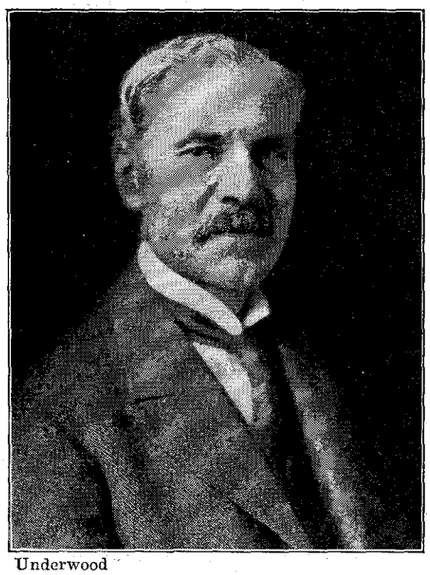
Whatever May Happen in the Senate, in the House the tariff bill inspired little opposition on the ground that its rates were too high. Democratic opposition chiefly concerned the bill's administrative features. The growing hostility of consumers to the rates is still less than that of foreign countries. Protests have been received from Canada, Spain, Great Britain, Argentina, Cuba, and many other nations. It is conceivable that retaliatory duties will be imposed against the United States. Should such action endanger the $5,000,000,000 American export trade, some American producers might be less enthusiastic over the height of our tariff walls.

It is pertinent to note that the Ford Company has asked the League's International Labor Office for data on wage scales and living costs in a dozen European cities in which it has or purposes to build factories. The aim apparently is to fix one scale of "real" wages for Ford employees regardless of country. Mr. Ford champions the idea that high wages, increasing mass purchasing power, are profitable to industry. If he extends it to his European plants and is imitated by other manufacturers fighting for the European market, great social changes may be effected on the Continent.

The increase of mass purchasing power in Europe would greatly extend markets for our exports. Excluding paper profits and profits from sale of capital assets, the realized income of Americans last year was about $89,000,000,000, or $745 per capita. Given a comparable income for an equal number of Europeans, our export trade should show an enormous increase, unless blocked by retaliatory European tariffs. The growing value of the foreign field to American industry may be the force which will break down sky-high American duties.

➤➤*Left Wing Laborites*

Leaders in the left-wing American labor movement, centering in the newly-organized Conference for Progressive Labor Action, demand that present-day realities be squarely faced. They find that labor officials have shown a complete ignorance of American labor and its psychology. They therefore band together to educate and agitate workers.



Underwood

RAMSAY MACDONALD

Leader of British Labor Party, victorious in recent general elections

They seek to stimulate in labor organizations "a progressive, realistic, militant, labor spirit and activity in all its phases—trade union, political, and educational."

A few realities, however, seem to have eluded them. One is the fact that business, particularly big business, is adopting the Ford principle that high wages widen markets. Labor conditions like those in the textile industry which they properly deplore are becoming exceptional. How many American workmen suffer "intolerable treatment and unbearable working conditions" in these days when mass production depends on mass consumption?

The Progressive Laborites hope to strengthen labor-consciousness. A square look at the realities should show them that there is very little prospect of doing so in a country wherein the sense of class is so elastic. No one knows better than the son of today's bricklayer that he may be tomorrow's banker.

The Conference asks progressives to organize and favor old-age and unemployment insurance, extend trade unionism, foster working-class education, establish farmer and labor co-operatives, and secure independent labor party action as a substitute for non-partisanship. Possibly its aggressive spirit will quicken the removal of such bad spots as the textile industry and encourage the further spread in America of the high-wages principle which Ford now appears to be extending to Europe, but otherwise its prospects seem none too bright.

➤➤*Reparations Puzzle Solved*

When After four months of trying labor the reparations experts determined how much, in what manner, and subject to what conditions Germany shall pay they must have sighed with relief and satisfaction. Had their work then come to an abrupt halt, it could have been described as successful; the minor questions remaining doubtless would have yielded speedily to diplomatic negotiation among the several Governments.

Germany, they agree, will pay during the first normal year—the Dawes plan extends through part of the year April 1, 1929, to April 1, 1930—the sum of $409,000,000. This will step up irregularly during thirty-seven years to $576,000,000. The average annuity for the period will be $492,000,000. Of this about a fourth will be unconditional, i. e., unpostponable, and may be commercialized—reparations bonds will be sold to private investors.

For the next twenty-one years, the annuities will correspond to the Allied and German debt to the United States. They will average about $408,000,000. The annuity for the last year will be about $216,000,000. The present value of the entire debt is about $9,000,000,000. The financial transactions involved will be effected through the so-called International Bank of Payments, with a capital of $100,000,000, which will be set up in neutral territory.

It is no secret that the experts several times have been on the point of failure.

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Apparently the credit for their success must be accorded largely to the Chairman, Owen D. Young, who thus tops off his brilliant work during the formation of the Dawes plan five years ago. Needless to say, the settlement of the reparations problem, which has baffled the world since the war, will have the most comprehensive political, social, and economic effects if it is accepted by the interested Governments. It is predicted that one of the first consequences will appear in the long-delayed French ratification of the Mellon-Berenger agreement, which settled the French war debt to the United States.

▶▶*The City of the Future*

Proposals of the Regional Planning Committee—financed for seven years by the Russell Sage Foundation at a cost of $1,000,000—for the New York of 1965 stun the imagination. As we become more an industrial, less an agricultural, nation, our cities become increasingly important. As they grow in population—Greater New York's ten millions are expected to increase to twenty millions in thirty-five years—they will extend beyond their present limits. It is wise to plan for the inevitable development. Whether or not these proposals for New York eventually are adopted in toto, they cannot fail to influence the city's future, as similar plans have already done in Chicago.

The area studied includes parts of New York State, New Jersey, and Connecticut, not merely the metropolitan district, but communities all about it. To solve the major problem of transportation the Committee proposes aviation landing fields in plenty, including sixteen new airports and two emergency landing fields in Central Park. It has explored the potentialities of waterways. It maps out an ambitious plan of circumferential and radial highways, with inner and outer loops, to carry motorists into and around the city. It advocates a circumferential belt line railway providing for the easy transfer of passengers and freight on the thirteen trunk lines entering the district. It visions the construction of many new bridges, tunnels, and terminals.

Scarcely less important for the comfort of those who will live in the city-state are proposals for parkways, for amusement and resting places, for the construction of urban "lungs," or breathing spaces, and for the diffusion of "compact residential neighborhoods throughout the whole urban area, integrated with industrial sections so as to reduce distances between homes and places of work."

If the plan is to be realized, almost five hundred distinct governmental units must co-operate and tremendous sums must be expended. Yet the area is now constantly rebuilding, expanding, and developing at great cost to all concerned. It is sensible to carry out the development harmoniously and with an eye to future needs.

The Committee points out that much can be accomplished merely by preventive regulation. Much can also be achieved through the co-operation of individuals. Thus owners of large estates should be urged to hold them intact so that, when absorbed into the city, they may be properly exploited. Communities throughout the country may profit by watching the development of the New York idea.

Underwood

OWEN D. YOUNG

Chairman of committee which has arranged a program of reparations payments

▶▶*Romantic Research*

The Real Zero of the temperature scale is a goal long ago set by physicists, and Professor W. H. Keesom of the University of Leyden after years of research has succeeded in obtaining an absolute temperature only one and one-half degrees above it. At this temperature helium, a gas, froze solid. This is very far below the temperature of liquid air.

What physicists call "absolute zero" is the theoretical point at which no heat would longer exist. This, though never yet quite attained, would be 459.6 degrees below our familiar Fahrenheit thermometer zero. Our zero is not a real *zero* at all—it is merely a convenient point at 459.6 degrees on the absolute scale, and it more or less just happened, for it is simply the arbitrarily chosen temperature of salted ice. The physicist never uses the Fahrenheit scale, preferring the Centigrade whose equally arbitrary zero is the thawing point of ice. Even then he, like the rest of us, thinks of these temperatures in terms of the absolute scale which does have a true and not merely an arbitrary significance—it represents the total absence of heat.

Taking a broad look at temperatures we discover a surprising fact—we live in and deal with temperatures barely above the bottom of the scale. The sun's exterior is at 15,000 degrees; its interior at 50,000,000 degrees. Nearly all the matter in the universe, mostly contained in other stars or suns, is hotter than a million degrees. On this grand scale a margin of about 567 degrees, the absolute temperature of our bodies, is all but at the bottom and the heat of molten metal is only a bare trifle higher. Whatever life or living matter is, it is a peculiar phenomenon—one which can exist only within so narrow a range of heat limits.

What will happen if and when Professor Keesom finally reaches the bedrock zero? A widespread notion is that matter under that condition would cease to exist. A less unscientific statement is that its molecules would stop their ceaseless heat dance. Still we are not positive what would happen. The Dutch scientist is feeling out—or down—into the romantic blue of the unknown.

▶▶*Prohibition to Date*

The Debate over prohibition blazes brightly, fanned by half a dozen developments.

Obeying the mandate of a recent referendum, Governor Kohler has signed the bill repealing Wisconsin's dry law. Other States without enforcement acts are New York, Maryland, Montana, and Nevada.

Highly significant is the founding of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, of which Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, former Republican

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National Committeeman, is chairman. Until now, says Mrs. Sabin, women who have favored temperance but opposed the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Act have been inarticulate. This anti-prohibition organization represents "a demand from women all over the country that an aggressive effort be made for the protection of the American home."

Franklin Chase Hoyt, presiding justice of the New York City Children's Court, wins the Hearst temperance award, for which there were 71,000 aspirants. He believes that at present the repeal or amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment would be impracticable, but advocates returning to the States the fullest possible measure of self-determination. Justice Hoyt would outlaw distilled liquors but permit State control, sale, and manufacture of fermented liquors. He would have the Federal enforcement act define as "distilled liquors" the "intoxicating liquors" banned by the Amendment.

Then there is Mrs. Willebrandt's resignation as Assistant Attorney General. Does this mean simply that she wearies of public service after seven years and wishes to take a likely-looking position with the Aviation Corporation? Or is she piqued because she was not promoted by Mr. Hoover? Has the President decided that it would be better if prohibition enforcement were deprived of some of her Anti-Saloon-like ardor? Probably we shall never know.

Disregarding the Law Enforcement Commission's vague purpose of inquiring into the enforcement of all laws, the public wonders what "constructive and courageous conclusions"—the phrase is Mr. Hoover's—it will make regarding the dry laws. Chairman Wickersham declares that the Commissioners start "with minds open to consider on their merits all intelligent suggestions from unprejudiced sources." Why, then, does he say that "it is intellectually possible, but not probable," that the Commission will recommend modification of the Volstead Act? How does he know, if the Commissioners are open-minded? What would prohibitionists think if he had said that it is intellectually possible, but not probable, that the Commission will fail to recommend modification? It is not yet clear how the Commission intends to deal with prohibition. What prevents Mr. Hoover and Mr. Wickersham from settling this doubt in good plain English?

▶▶*The Racket*

One Sound which will challenge the Commission's investigating ear is that of the ubiquitous racketeer. Is there a single large city which knows him not? To be sure, Philadelphia authorities boast that they have broken the underworld's stranglehold on their community, but that statement has been made before, without being supported by the facts. In Chicago, where the racket is loudest, John Landesco, reporting to the Illinois Association for Criminal Justice, finds ninety occupations and industries paying tribute to gangland. Incidentally, Chicago, which staged seven murders on St. Valentine's Day, chose Memorial Day for two killings, three shooting affrays, two bombings, and a kidnapping.

The underworldlings who have Chicago by the scruff of the neck are dullards, emotionally feeble-minded, declares Dr. William J. Hickson, director of the Municipal Court's psychopathic laboratory, who has examined many of the city's desperate characters. Potential gangsters, he says, should be taken from school before they are old enough to do harm and segregated on State farms until they are pronounced cured; usually, this would mean life segregation. It is generally useless, and in some cases dangerous, to educate the gangster. The gangleader is emotionally feeble-minded, like his followers, but education, plus intelligence, has made him capable of bigger and better crimes. Probably some of Dr. Hickson's conclusions will be deprecated by psychiatrists who lay less emphasis on heredity and more on environment.

For the power and prosperity of the racketeer the country may blame the bootleg trade—much of which is conducted under gangland supervision—and unenforced, perhaps unenforceable, prohibition laws. Prohibition has been a boon to gangland. Investigators of the racketeering ring-around-a-rosy can hardly fail to see that in its center, crowned with artificial grape-leaves, capers Bacchus, making faces at Jones-Volsteadism.

▶▶*Sun's Two Dreams*

Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, father of the Chinese Republic, dreamed two dreams. One was to establish a peaceful, united China. The other was to lie forever on the side of a purple mountain. On June 1, his body, after a week's ceremonial pilgrimage from the chapel outside Peking in which it had rested for four years, was placed in a splendid blue and white, granite and marble mausoleum on the spot outside Nanking where he wished to be buried. As

Underwood

LAW ENFORCEMENT COMMISSION

President Hoover, Attorney General Mitchell and the eleven members of the recently appointed Commission

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to his other wish—the unification of China which his formal burial was planned to commemorate—there still seems to be some question.

True, the same flag flies from North Manchuria to the borders of Burma; true, the new Government at Nanking, under President Chiang Kai-Shek, has commanded respect from foreign powers. But before the burial ceremonies began, foreign envoys received notice from the so-called "Christian General," Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang, that he planned to overthrow the "illegal and unrepresentative" Nanking Government. It was necessary to place the route of the funeral procession through central China under heavy guard.

Beyond the fact that he seeks to oust Chiang Kai-Shek and the Nanking régime, Feng Yu-Hsiang's activities are not clear. Rumors that he is abetted by Soviet Russia have been followed by raids on Soviet Consulates. It is said that the Nanking Government hoped to find documentary proof of connivance. A later report had it that Feng had proposed to abandon war plans and go into voluntary exile if Chiang and his ministers would do the same. This would put the Government into the hands of civilians.

It is assumed that, if Feng does wage war, it will be on a scale to make last summer's scuffles in Shantung, Hankow, and Canton seem like battles with toy pistols, and severely to impede realization of Sun Yat-Sen's peaceful ideals.

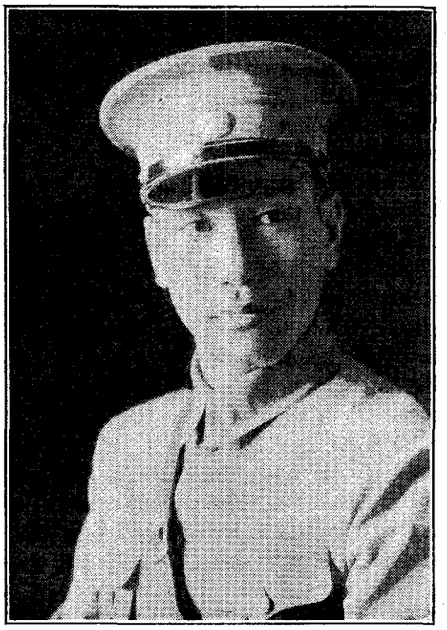
▸▸*In Re the Air*

If a Pin had dropped on May 27 in Englewood, New Jersey, listening America could have heard it—so noiseless was the wedding of the Flying Colonel. True, he had special police, two country estates, and a yacht or two, besides a flock of airplanes, to help him; also, he is an absorbed and practiced publicity-dodger. Nevertheless, the wedding must head the list of recent aeronautical feats.

Crowding fast on the endurance record established by Robbins and Kelly have come four other new records. Two French fliers, Weiss and Girier, have wrested the world's speed record from Italy; they flew for more than 3,000 miles at an average rate of 112 miles an hour. Willi Neunhofen, German flier, has jacked up the altitude record to 41,795 feet, while, in Los Angeles, the women's altitude record has been set at 24,000 feet by Miss Marvel Crosson. Another Los Angeles flier, Herbert Fahy, by remaining aloft 36 hours, 56 minutes, and 36 seconds, has broken the solo endurance record held by Martin Jensen.

Word comes from Russia of what promises to be a sensational long-distance flight—from Moscow to New York by way of Alaska. Four Russian fliers, manning the plane, "Land of the Soviets," will take off in August and make six or eight stops during their 12,500-mile journey.

Prospects for lighter-than-air-craft development soared with the discovery in Utah of a deposit of helium, the non-inflammable gas used in dirigibles. Experts are now encouraged to hope that there may yet be found in America enough helium to supply the world.



Wide World

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Head of Nationalist Government at Nanking, which is again threatened by revolts

▸▸*Plagiarism Charges*

To Plagiarize or not to plagiarize seems to be a question of time. Several centuries ago, plagiarism was the accepted thing; the story of Romeo and Juliet, for example, had been treated by at least four earlier authors before Shakespeare used it. In copyrighted 1929, plagiarism or even fancied plagiarism, is likely to result in suits for damages.

This scarcely indicates that there are more plots today; rather it indicates that there is more money in plots. It is decidedly to the point that both the most popular "theatre" of recent years, "Abie's Irish Rose," and the most popular drama, Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," have figured in plagiarism suits involving whopping sums. Anne Nichol's suit against the producers of the movie, "The Cohens and the Kelleys," recently was dismissed. Now Miss Georges Lewys astonishes the literary world by demanding substantial damages from O'Neill for similarities she claims to have discovered between "Strange Interlude" and her book, "The Temple of Pallas-Athenae." O'Neill declares by cable that he "never even heard of book mentioned. Person must be crazy."

The "Strange Interlude" affair may cause the severest jury headaches since the Duveen trial of a few months ago when good men and true were called upon to determine the authenticity of a picture attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. Here is another instance of the law's turning into bypaths where the jury system cannot adequately follow. A question involving a play of "Strange Interlude's" literary standing lends itself to the consideration of a jury of specialists in the drama, rather than of haphazardly selected laymen.

▸▸*Ninety-Six Cent Wheat*

The Time has long since passed when dollar wheat spelled agricultural prosperity. The Government pegged the wartime price of wheat at $2.20 notwithstanding the complaints of the farmer. In 1919, it rose to $3.50, and the farmer rejoiced. When, shortly after, it dropped to $1.50 and less, the demand for farm relief swept the praries. That it should fall below a dollar a bushel, the lowest price in fifteen years, at the very time when Congress is convened in special session to redeem pledges to farmers is ironic and perhaps instructive.

The reasons for the collapse are plain. Throughout the world—in Canada, in Argentina, even in Europe—recent harvests have been abundant and supply has greatly exceeded demand. Although American farmers last year somewhat reduced the wheat acreage, a too generous Nature gave them unprecedented yields. As the binders and combines begin to hum, harvesting the greatest crop in history—estimated at 800,000,000 bushels—in the elevators and granaries of the Middle West lie 300,000,000 bushels of last year's crop,

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unsold and almost unsalable save at bankruptcy prices.

Under these conditions, any farm-relief measure will be put immediately to a stern test. Surely the situation italicizes the dangers of any such scheme as the export debenture plan which would encourage overproduction.

Without restriction of production, any plan for the relief of agriculture seems doomed. Inasmuch as restriction depends on the farmer himself, the present situation emphasizes the fact that the farmer's salvation lies largely in his own hands.

▶▶*More "Stunters"*

THE BUMPER CROP of "stunters," predicted a few weeks ago by this department, is being harvested.

Consider "stunter" Bill Williams, prominent peanut-pusher of Colorado Springs. Mr. Williams, wearing pads on nose, hands, and knees, undertakes to push a peanut twenty-two miles, to the snowy summit of Pike's peak. We wish him godspeed. May the spirit of Cyrano de Bergerac hover over his talented nose. May clicking cameras reward him as he ends his heavenward crawl.

In New York City, dance marathoners have had to share applause, not only with a flagpole sitter and a chained auto-driver, but with a Russian world's rocking-chair champion and his Lithuanian challenger. Foreign "stunters" have the edge on Americans this season. A German has eaten a 300-pound pig in ten days; another has downed seven and a half yards of sausages in half an hour. An Italian has eaten more than two miles of spaghetti in one sitting; a Parisian has drained a two-gallon jug of beer in one 23-second gulp.

Honorable mention is due Paul Muller, who arrived in Havana after more than ten months of solitary sailing and rowing from Germany in a 25-foot boat. Mention must be made, too, of the English pianist who sped through the same piece a thousand times without stopping, the Polish jazz band which kept it up for more than thirty-three hours, and the Italian who played a trombone six hours and twenty minutes while treading water.

We intend to report the exploits of all outstanding stunters. If modern life encourages men to push peanuts to win fame or fortune, or to express their individualities, peanut-pushers become significant.

▶▶*The Week's Press Opinion*

FREEDOM on her mountain-height has often been apostrophized; but in the streets of a city steering a motor truck or in a factory putting up canned foodstuffs, Freedom somehow looks different. Poets do not become lyric over Constituted Authority, but citizens feel safer with Constituted Authority around the corner. The same newspapers that are frequently impatient of the law are alarmed at signs of lawlessness. And in this respect American newspapers reflect fairly well the sentiments of the American people. We elect men to make laws and other men to enforce them, and then exercise the privilege of complaining of the laws and blaming the enforcers.

Lately the press has found various occasions for remonstrating with the law, its administrators and its interpreters. And this means prohibition only incidentally. There seems to be a growing apprehension that as a people we are becoming rule-bound and official-ridden. The refusal of a customs official to allow a copy of Voltaire's "Candide" to be imported has raised not only protest but ridicule. We have a law—enacted by our representatives—that forbids the importation of "obscene" literature; but our organs of public opinion with no notable exception pronounce the application of the law to this classic as absurd.

Such action is termed an exercise of Federal censorship that the framers of the Constitution never dreamed of. Yet we find in the tariff bill passed by the House of Representatives an enlargement of such censorship in a provision excluding any book or writing or even picture "containing any matter advocating treason, insurrection, or forcible resistance to any law of the United States." Under such a provision Harvard University might be prevented from enlarging its valuable collection of Bolshevist books and pamphlets. It is a subject, to use one editor's phrase, suited to Voltaire's "genius for exploding bumptious nonsense." Shall nothing be left to the common sense and self-restraint of the people? This question in various forms is applied to the handling of food, to the control of what goes out over the radio, and to other subjects.

It is the old question of the choice between dependence on education and the resort to compulsion.

It is even applied to crimes of violence. We have tried to make gunmen behave by force. Would it not be well, it is asked, to try to change the conditions that produce gunmen? One State has in a reformatory children of seven years. Another has escaped the shame of sending a six-year-old boy to virtual imprisonment for manslaughter. The impulse to seize and punish seems to be still strong in a people who have been charged by their President with indifference to the enforcement of law. But somehow threats and punishment and armed police have not been effective.

From the attempt to deal with crime by means of suppression alone it is but a step to resort to means of suppression in the realm of ideas. Mrs. Willebrandt, who has just resigned as Assistant Attorney General in charge of prohibition, was able and brave as a prosecutor; but she is remembered by the press chiefly as one who tried to mobilize religious opinion as a suppres-

Remarkable Remarks

Don't whisper if you can afford to yell.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Contrary to some sage advices hitching your wagon to a star may imperil its safe locomotion.—REV. DR. S. PARKES CADMAN.

The chief enemy to decency everywhere is the theologian.—H. L. MENCKEN.

The men and women who have had no opportunity to display their talents in this world will undoubtedly have one in the next.—REV. H. O. HOFSTEAD.

The policy of turning the other cheek when one is already smarting from a blow is hardly to be recommended.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

Women are sensitive, if not sensuous, creatures, and get a big kick out of their bare legs.—WILLIAM M. MARSTON.

It may be that there is nothing the matter with the colleges but college sports.—W. O. MCGEEHAN.

Al Capone's all right; he is ready to shoot. But I am dangerous.—MME. ROSIKA SCHWIMMER.

If I understand my botany water is to flowers what alcohol is to human beings. Too much or too little is bad for them.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

The job of Ambassador is not as hard as that of father-in-law.—DWIGHT W. MORROW.

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sive force. In Boston blasphemy, sympathy with Sacco and Vanzetti, and censorship of books seem to come within the scope of police action. With all this the press for the most part has scant patience.

Does this mean that the American press has suddenly become logically pacifist and ready to abolish the police and the criminal law? By no means. Let an atrocious crime be perpetrated in a community, and the local newspaper that has been protesting against too much enforcement cries out for a campaign against the thug and the gunman. The emotions of the press are very much mixed.

Few newspaper editors believe that resort to force as an instrument of government can be abandoned; but most of them are readier than they once seemed to be to believe that, among a self-governing people, force is a last resort, a sort of confession of failure or a measure to be reserved for emergencies; and they are looking to other means. It is perhaps because of this, as well as through devotion to the principle of free thought, that the majority of the newspapers of the country side with Mr. Justice Holmes rather than with the majority of the Supreme Court in the case of Rosika Schwimmer. The few that defend the decision argue that the applicant for citizenship must give proof of loyalty, and that in this case sufficient proof was lacking. Even those who take Rosika Schwimmer's side do not share her optimism about the abolition of war, but they regard such optimism as within the rights of a prospective as well as an actual citizen. Seldom has a Supreme Court decision met with so pronounced dissent from the press as that which kept this woman an alien.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

RECENT EVENTS have convinced us, to our regret, that Pennsylvania's once famous line of statesmen has gone to seed, or pig iron. We fear that the State which once exercised so much influence here is in for a long period of comparative unimportance in National affairs. We do not refer to the obvious fact that it has only one Senator —though that sad state is the Pennsylvanians' own fault—as to the kind of representation it has in the National Government. We think it a pity that the State which produced such powerful figures as Boise Penrose and Philander Knox should now be dependent on the kind of Keystoners who hold office at the Capitol.

The Mellon myth, we recall, was shattered as long ago as the Kansas City convention. The aged financier was revealed there as an innocent abroad in the woods of practical politics, and the glory he might have grabbed by insuring Herbert Hoover's nomination went to Boss "Bill" Vare—Mellon's ancient rival in railroad and political intrigues. We have mentioned Mr. Mellon's many mishaps so often and so recently, as well as his loss of face since an engineer succeeded an economist in the White House, that further elaboration would be painful.

Pennsylvania's keenest cause for disappointment, we imagine, is Senator David A. Reed, or "little Dave," as Washington calls him. Though he came here with a reputation as a brilliant young lawyer who would adorn the Senate chamber, only Senator Arthur Robinson of Indiana has shown more genius for making enemies, blunders and indiscretions. His air of

Kirby in New York World

A GREAT HEART BREAKS

smugness and superiority, we understand, grieves and antagonizes his colleagues. His description of the people of Pennsylvania as "dunderheads" is frequently revived in the home newspapers. His most recent display of tactfulness, in which he sought to discipline the press because of the "so-called ethics of the so-called profession" of journalism, gained him the resentment of the Washington newspaper corps, we hear. We also learn that many of his associates think they have Mr. Reed to thank if the Senate has been placed in a ridiculous light before the country in the silly to-do over the secrecy rules.

We do not consider Mr. Reed wholly responsible for his poor showing as a Senator, however. He has had bad clients, that is all. Not even a Borah or Norris would come off well if they tried to defend the doings of a Vare, a Pepper, a Grundy, a Mellon, and Pennsylvania's coal and iron barons every time those worthies were assailed. Mr. Reed's troubles are largely due to his eagerness to rush in where wiser heads would not dare to talk or tread. In thinking on Mr. Reed's clients and career, we often feel the State is lucky that it has only one Senator to make mistakes.

In the House, where the most popular pastime is follow-the-leader and run-sheep-run, the Pennsylvania delegation never fails to fall in with the schemes of the Longworth-Tilson school of leadership. For a moment we thought we discerned some hope for Pennsylvania in Representative James M. Beck's remarkable attack on the flexible features of the tariff bill. We could hardly credit it when we read that the distinguished lawyer from Philadelphia had assailed such household gods as Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Hoover, Mr. Hawley, Mr. Grundy, Mr. Mellon and certain Pennsylvania protectionists. It was, of course, painful to Messrs. Longworth and Tilson, who slunk in their seats and glared at Beck, but it brought the House to its feet with prolonged applause. Beck's display of independence in a body so steeped in regularity and stand-pattism reminded us of a good deed in a naughty world. Had he stormed the party caucus with the same vigor and eloquence, there is no telling what might have happened. But Mr. Beck's fight in conference was only half-hearted, and those who had cheered him so wildly voted him down. His own delegation, as all good sheep should do, trotted behind the leaders and with the majority. What we had dared to regard as statesmanship—Mr. Beck's plea in the House—turned out to be no more than light entertainment. Even at that, it is better than Mr. Reed furnishes to his "dunderheads," and we shall keep our eyes on Mr. Beck.

A. F. C.

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Marriage and the Family

An Editorial

IN SURVEYING human marriage, the place to begin is with the condition of bi-sexuality. The fact of bi-sexuality is that life-condition of human society, adjustment to which produced at first an accretion of folkways and, eventually, the institution of marriage. In the interest of society the sexes had to get along with one another in some way, especially in view of the eventual presence of children. All members of a society, if that society is to persist, must get along with one another. This means that there must be organization, which is, speaking most generally, specialization plus co-operation.

It is staggering to realize the number of ways which have been tried out, around the earth, in the effort to evade the difficulties and antagonisms inherent in adjustment to bi-sexuality. Names have been given to numerical combinations: group-marriage, polyandry, polygamy, monogamy. Differing forms of descent and kinship have been evolved: matrilineal, patrilineal, parental. One collector of an encyclopædia of cases avers that "every possible experiment, compatible with the duration of savage or barbarous societies, has been tried, or is still practiced, amongst various races, without the least thought of the moral ideas generally prevailing in Europe, and which our metaphysicians proclaim as innate and necessary."

At bottom, all forms of marital organization evoked in response to life-conditions have been predominantly economic. In the end, the question, from the standpoint of society's interest has been: "Can the combination pay its way?" Sex affection has always existed; but not at all necessarily or regularly inside of marriage. Romantic love is modern. The presence of children has always strengthened a combination already established, and has also contributed to the formation of unions. It is noteworthy that, through long ages, marriage was not concluded for the purpose of mere sex gratification. Sex passion is too ephemeral to form the foundation of an institution. The stabilizer of marriage has been property. Marrriage and property have evolved together.

There are two elements which are alleged to have entered the field pretty recently, with the probable effect, so we are told, of dissolving the traditional forms of marriage and the family. These are the economic independence of woman and the technique of contraception. Since organization of any kind implies differentiation, and since it finds its most congenial field where differentiation is most marked, it is probable that marriage and the family (resting as they did upon sex differentiation, a basic, biological phenomenon) were the initial example of social organization. If, then, it is true that the sexes are becoming more alike, it is evident that the possibilities of inter-sex organization are declining. And if children have ceased to be the object, or the inevitable or probable sequel, of marriage, it is clear that marriage is thereby rendered less desirable and less stable. And, since it takes children to make a real family, this latter institution is thought by some to be imperiled, or on the verge of good riddance.

But any person of sense knows that sex differences are not going to be canceled out, even by edict or resolution; and it is equally certain that the race is not going to commit suicide. The term "race-suicide" is faulty; what it is meant to convey is closer to "class-suicide." It seems safe to say that mankind will keep on reproducing, from one social stratum if not from another. If one nation gets to be too refined, thrifty, or sophisticated to do this, some other one will cheerfully overrun and displace it.

Most of the proclamations about the dissolution of the family come from small bodies of intellectuals, real or self-constituted, who confuse their limited memberships with the masses of mankind. There is no question whatever that change in economic and social conditions—for instance, urbanization—is calling for certain modifications in all the institutions of society, including religion. Woman is, very likely, acquiring a career-interest along new lines. Birth-control is gaining in effectiveness, as well as in diffusion. But the essentials of marriage and the family are not going to change to a degree represented by the term "dissolution" until a woman is a man, and until there are no more children. There is a mass of irresponsible and not disinterested talk about the equality of the sexes, at which any physician of experience laughs. The truth is that each sex has its natural and inimitable superiorities. It is as vain to assert the general superiority of one sex to the other as it is to make proclamation of their equality. The reason that women seem to be inferior is because they have not performed their indispensable social functions in the lime-light, as have men. Indispensability is a superiority, or even a superlative. The sexes are different and complementary, not equal, nor superior and inferior.

The economic situation is very important, and its alterations are significant. Woman can doubtless do a good many things that neither she nor the "oppressive male" ever thought she could do. But one of the questions that rises is whether it is for the welfare of society that she shall do them and leave other things undone. Experience will demonstrate the expediency herein involved. Comparatively few women have yet been able, or have cared, to avail themselves of their openings to new careers.

The broad conclusion from a study (as compared, say, with an "evaluation") of the evolution of marriage and the family is that, like the rest of the major institutions of society, they will go on adapting very slowly to altering life-conditions, while preserving the stamp set upon them through untold age of race-experience, in adjustment to a deep-rooted constant of bi-sexuality. Such institutions are not obligingly altered, like a hand-me-down, over night.

A. G. Keller

Where Is Mankind Going?

The distinguished contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. Professor Keller, a previous contributor to this page, is professor of social sciences at Yale University. The Reverend Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick will be the next contributor

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Why I No Longer Go to Church

ANONYMOUS

The son of an Episcopal clergyman sets down in the frank spirit of the series of religious confessions the various causes of his defection from the ranks of church-goers

MY FATHER is an Episcopal clergyman. I was brought up in a cultured, Christian home. I attended a church school and when I went to college it was to one which at that time prided itself on retaining compulsory chapel. I had, and still have, a deep attachment for the beauty, the associations and the spiritual fantasies of the Episcopal faith. I can recognize in a thousand ways that I am the product of an Episcopal environment and of a humane, cultivated creed. Yet I no longer go to church, save on the rare occasions when I visit my father at the old rectory in the little Connecticut town where he has spent thirty-five years of his life, where I was born and baptized.

Many people feel that a large amount of religion in childhood is responsible for a revulsion against religion in later life. I do not think that I am the victim of any such ecclesiastical overdose. I can't say that I ever found anything very irksome about the family prayers, the church services, the school and college chapel, the blessings before meals, and the other appurtenances of an Episcopalian upbringing. In fact, I rather enjoyed them. I sang in the choir from the age of seven to that of eighteen. I have taught classes in Sunday school. I have peddled "The Spirit of Missions" to raise money to put in my little Easter box. I have gone without sugar on my porridge in Lent. I have been confirmed and have frequently attended early Communion, although normally I dislike early rising. The clear, beautiful English of the King James version of the Bible and of the Book of Common Prayer have provided me with standards of literary excellence for which I can conceive no substitute. My musical tastes have been tinged—tainted, perhaps—by the hymns of the Church, for my wife claims that I cannot sing or play anything, including jazz, without giving it a churchly flavor. I have, furthermore, a respect for significant form which is, I believe, attributable to the sacramental teachings of the Catechism. Yet I do not go to church and I have no faith in the teachings and dogma of Episcopalianism. In fact, if I were being epigrammatic, I would say that I have acquired a culture and lost a creed.

The process by which I have arrived at this condition has been gradual, and, I think, entirely natural. There have been no great revulsions or rebellions or even substantial hypocrisies involved in it. A lot of little things, some beginning far back in my childhood, others quite recent, have forced upon my consciousness the gradual conviction that my Church is only a human institution, of unusual charm but exceedingly fallible, which has no direct relationship to modern life or to eternal truth, but which is a vague compromise between the two.

TO BEGIN WITH, I believed. I drank faith in with my mother's milk. There was, moreover, never anything awful, stern or vindictive about my father's God. He was a God of love and light, unearthly, unreal, but never repellent. From our earliest years, I and my brothers and sisters learned to prattle our prayers, to lisp "Jesus, tender Shepherd" and "Now the Day Is Over." We had family prayers every morning during the week, every evening on Sundays. On Sunday, too, there was morning and evening service and Sunday school.

It no more occurred to us to question or examine religion than it did to question our meals. We might, and did, have preferences for certain hymns and prayers, as for certain dishes, but there was no spiritual struggle involved and no personal element, no conviction of sin or thirst for salvation, which might have led to religious introspection.

I think that the first blow to my faith came with my confirmation. This synchronized pretty exactly with my reaching the age of puberty, exploring all the dictionaries and encyclopedias within range for the meaning of certain words, and receiving from my father a slender little book which explained "the facts of life" in terms utterly devoid of meaning. I got a tremendous kick out of puberty. In fact, it nearly knocked me loose from everything. I think I rather expected a similar kick from confirmation. At all events, I was profoundly disappointed to discover when I knelt before the Bishop while he marked the Cross on my forehead, intoning, "Defend, O Lord, this Thy Child with Thy Grace . . . ," that I did not feel any miraculous current of divine electricity running through me. And when I later attended Holy Communion and found that the bread and wine tasted exactly like bread and wine, I felt that something was not entirely right with the performance. However, it was not a serious matter and I was quite content to let things ride.

MY YEARS at the famous Episcopalian school, St. Barnabas's, just outside of Providence, left me spiritually unaffected. We had morning prayers and evening chapel on week-days and on Sundays we paraded to the village church in the morning and had an evening service in the school chapel which always concluded with the singing of the school hymn, . . . "Rejoice, ye pure in heart!" Even today I cannot hear that hymn unmoved. It brings back to me so many associations: Buck Dawson, who roomed with me my sixth-form year and who carried the crucifix in chapel and was expelled from Princeton two years later for a violation of the Mann Act; Runty Eger, who went down on the Lusitania; Bill Everitt, who is doing time in Sing Sing for forgery; Sam Phillips, who died before a German machine-gun nest in the Argonne; Ducky Caldwell; Torch Price; and a lot of others whom I have not seen for fifteen years and am not likely to see again.

The only unfavorable religious incident of my school years was my attendance, with five classmates, at one of the Northfield Conferences. The Y.M.C.A.-ish atmosphere, the ban on cigarette smoking, the scandal caused by our swimming in the Connecticut river without bathing suits and the complacent platform manner of John R. Mott combined to give me a profound distaste for the personal type of religion and to squelch on my part any tendency toward public professions of faith.

This distaste was confirmed when I went to Yale the following fall and slipped into the routine of daily and Sunday chapel, a routine justified on

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purely disciplinary grounds—"It gets the boys up early in the morning for their classes and keeps them from going to New York over the week-ends." The professional "Christers" of my class were an awful warning of the power of organized Christianity. These were the men who by proficiency in the Y.M.C.A. prayer meetings, in teaching boys' classes and similar activities, hoped to —and did—receive election to desirable fraternities and later to the senior societies. For one of them, a perfectly nice boy with a flair for preventing the consumption of liquor at class parties, I had a hatred which lasts until this day and his name is—I am told on good authority—inscribed as an act of revenge in the register of every disorderly hotel in the parts of France frequented by my classmates in the Great War.

It was, I believe, the War which finished my faith in the Church. It had been disintegrating rapidly under the combined influence of compulsory chapel and Christianity for undergraduate political purposes. Now the War never seemed to me such a senseless horror and waste that it discredited Christianity—a point of view which is often urged by critics of the Church and which is apparently back of the meddling of the present Federation of Churches with international relations. I thought that the War was rather fine and rather wonderful and I saw, and still see, nothing horrible in the idea of men and women sacrificing their lives and fortunes for the good of their fellows.

It was simply that my own religion failed to serve my peculiar purposes. You see, I had felt that somehow I had been inoculated with righteousness, that prayer was the weapon of the faithful and that the sacrament was a sort of spiritual prophylaxis. Prophylaxis of any sort was needed while I was undergoing what my father would have called "temptation," in French leave areas and billets. Never having got to the front, having been shifted around from one unit to another, as a replacement officer, with the rank and pay of a second lieutenant, I had excellent chances to test the attractions of the world, the flesh and the devil.

They are all nice. The result was an unpleasant little mess, known only to myself and my Captain. I escaped a court-martial purely by grace of a lot of wire-pulling and abruptly awoke to the discovery that God helps those who help themselves, and that all the prayers and sacraments in the world are no antidote for folly.

In short, I discovered that my Church had never taught me any sense of responsibility, no conviction that words have meanings and actions have consequences, and that instead of praying to be delivered from "temptation," I should have been advised how to control myself. In effect, my share in the War gave me an opportunity to learn the sad truth that foolishness is punished infinitely more severely than is wickedness and for this discovery the Episcopal Church had left me singularly unprepared.

The result was a rather abrupt distaste for Christianity. For a time, having been employed for the months of the Peace Conference as a diplomatic courier in the Near East, I was attracted to Mohammedanism. It still seems to me to be the most reasonable of creeds, yet I am pragmatist enough to judge religions by their fruits and to prefer the fruits of Christendom to those of Islam. Then I was attracted to the harsh realism of the Bolshevists but as they began to lay hands upon the institutions which have become associated with Christianity—the family, commercial credit, social democracy—I became repelled in spite of my conviction that Lenin was on the right track in trying to free men from the tyranny of their possessions.

The next stage in my religious orientation came at Monte Carlo, of all places in the world. After my discharge from the army I returned to Europe, with a small legacy left me by a great-aunt, and proceeded to "see life." I fetched up at Monaco with a good gambling system and a small gambling capital. At the roulette table I was confronted with a perfect microcosm of life. Some win, some lose, but the croupier wins all the time. Sooner or later comes the run of bad luck which ends in extinction. I would see people come storming up to the tables with huge sums of cash and extraordinary confidence. After a few days or weeks they would be wiped out. So, I thought, death deals with life. Sooner or later the grim Croupier rakes in your last bet and you must leave the Table. Such moralizing was probably due to my New England upbringing or to indigestion.

In my own case, it worked out differently. I won steadily, and despite reverses, acquired a large income from roulette. My weakness was expenditure. What I won I promptly spent and though I had the constancy to stick to my method of play, I had not the resolution to deprive myself of my gains. In consequence, after spending ten thousand dollars of winnings in six weeks, I found my original gambling capital exhausted. I took my departure from Monaco, satisfied on two points: that life is uncertain, and that the weak point in human society is the individual. Churches, I felt, are built on these two facts—mortality and fallibility—and on nothing else.

Since then, however, I have been depressed to realize how little the Episcopal Church responds to these convictions. Liturgically and dogmatically, yes; practically, no. We call ourselves "miserable sinners" when we pray, and our service for the burial of the dead is a masterpiece of poetic realism. But do we believe it? No. It is just so many words, so many phrases used so often that they have become as smooth as pebbles in the bed of a stream. That truth has, somehow, become entangled with the Church, I would be the first to admit, but that it rules the Church, I would not be the only man to deny.

Even more depressing are the efforts of the Church to "modernize its appeal" and to "revitalize its social function." In the first place, all the talk of the Modernists is running on a false scent. You can't bring me back to the Church simply by eliminating the Virgin Birth, the doctrine of the Trinity or the miracles. I regard all that as a pleasant and meaningless fairy tale which I would no more wish altered than I would demand the revision of Mother Goose or the rationalization of the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears.

In the second place, the struggle between the Church and the State seems even less attractive than the struggle between the Church and Science. That it is the function of my Church—or any church—to solve the labor question or to deal with the problems of disarmament, prohibition or birth-control, seems open to strenuous denial. I think I should deeply resent it if I found my Church directly interesting itself with any of these things. In fact, I may state that the attempt of certain churches to define their function in the modern state by intervening in political, economic, and social problems, far from

(Please Turn to Page 274)

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In Defense of the Stock Market

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

E. H. H. SIMMONS, President of the New York Stock Exchange, has been attracting almost as much attention recently as Charles E. Mitchell, Chairman of the National City Bank, was receiving a month or two ago. This is because Mr. Simmons, in his speeches and his annual report, has been challenging many of the current ideas about the stock market and its use of credit.

Not all of the theories expressed by Mr. Simmons meet favor with the experts. Most of the conservative financiers below Fulton Street, for instance, disapproved of his proposal that market securities be accepted as a medium for discounting at the Federal Reserve banks. Even those who disagree with him, however, are prompt to commend him on the clarity, vigor, and intelligence with which he expresses his opinions.

He was particularly effective, in his report to the Stock Exchange, in correcting some of the popular false impressions regarding the appreciation in stock prices.

"An ingenious statistician," he said, "employing only ten or twenty listed share issues as representative of all listed stocks, could by selecting particular issues quite readily prove either that the whole share market had experienced an enormous rise or that it had suffered a huge decline, or that it had failed to show any real change at all."

Most of the "averages" usually quoted would indicate that prices of industrials had risen nearly a hundred per cent in the last two years. The reason is obvious. Such "averages" are based on the issues of outstanding companies such as Radio, General Motors, American Can, and General Electric. These properties have been a great deal more prosperous than their rivals and their securities have, in consequence, risen unusually fast. This fact is usually forgotten by the casual observer of these "averages" who is inclined to assume that stocks as a whole have almost doubled in value in the last two years.

With an index of his own, Mr. Simmons showed how unrepresentative are the popular "averages." His index, based on the market value of all listed stocks, reveals an increase of only 18 per cent since the beginning of 1927 and of 66 per cent in the last four years. An advance of 66 per cent would seem impressive enough ordinarily but it looks insignificant beside the gain in the value of so-called "representative issues" which, in most cases, are the best issues.

Addressing the New Hampshire Bankers' Association at Manchester, New Hampshire, Mr. Simmons rebuked the critics, many of whom have been speaking from Capitol Hill in Washington, for referring to speculators as "Stock Exchange gamblers." Without attempting to defend the motives of every one who buys and sells securities he emphasized the legitimate and necessary function of speculation not only in the present but in the past. Looking back into early American history he pointed out several occasions on which speculators were absolutely essential to the development of the American colonies and of the United States.

"The very discovery of America," he reminded the bankers listening to him, "resulted from a financial speculation by Queen Isabella of Spain, who pawned her crown jewels at interest rates even higher than those which we have witnessed in the call loan market to finance Christopher Columbus's ideas. The early Massachusetts and Virginia colonies were originally financed by speculation."

"After our Revolutionary War, when Alexander Hamilton was making his heroic effort to fund the debt of our new Republic . . . the principal support he obtained for the purchase of bonds came from security speculators. . . . When the first American railroads were projected, every one of them at once entailed security speculation."

Judging by the newspaper reports of his speech, Mr. Simmons did not press his point as far as he might have. Even the in-and-out traders who look for a quick profit and make no attempt to back their judgment or future developments are essential to development of new projects. They create a broad market which forms a solid foundation for the activities of speculators with vision.

That the United States has changed from a debtor to a great creditor Nation is known to nearly every one. The effects of that change, though, are clearly understood by very few. An effect emphasized by Mr. Simmons at Manchester was the great increase in the amount of funds available for investment in our markets. Opportunities for investment have been multiplying fast since the War but not rapidly enough to keep pace with the demand. When the demand for anything which may be bought or sold outstrips the supply the price is almost sure to rise. This is one of the most basic explanations for the fact that today a certain stock earning ten dollars a share would, under identical conditions, command a price twenty or thirty per cent above what it would have brought, let us say, some seven or eight years ago.

If he had wanted to claim everything in sight, Mr. Simmons might have said that the absence of an inflation in commodities such as caused disaster in 1919 and 1920 was due in very great measure to speculation in securities. André Siegfried, the French sociologist and economist, makes this statement without reservations in his remarkable book, "America Comes of Age." With the flow of funds bringing gold here, he says, inflation somewhere was inevitable. Economists generally looked for it in commodities, where it would have been a menace to industrial health. Instead, it appeared in the stock market where, for several years at least, it did no harm at all except to the absurdly optimistic and the bearish speculator.

In periods like the present when the security markets are under fire from many ignorant sharp-shooters and by a few who are not so ignorant, the New York Stock Exchange and other American Exchanges are fortunate in having Mr. Simmons as their spokesman and advocate. By his ably thought out discussions of controversial topics, Mr. Simmons has contributed materially to the education of the public.

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Beethoven: A Biography

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Mr. Schauffler pictures Beethoven in this installment as a bundle of contradictions; madly in love with two women at once; an egotist professing modesty; a genius claiming perfection of character, who could cheat and play the boor; but whose symphonies, the Seventh just now, make one lose sight of the man in the Master

THERE are few pages in music of a more blithe and lucid nobility than the first movement with its broad, opening subject. (Ex. 1.)

To the writer's mind the *andante cantabile ma però con moto,* a theme with variations, casts the dust more completely aside and nakedly rides the air of a more astral region than any other music. This is especially true in the deep organ harmonies of the theme, and in the pure, unearthly ecstasy of the recitative-like coda that bows prostrate before the refulgence of the ultimate mystery, "with stammering lips and insufficient sound."

Ex. 1

In one of the "Conversation Books," dating from the month before the Master's death, there have come down to us fragments of a talk with Schindler about this trio. Schindler wrote: "I hold the *andante* to be the most beautiful ideal of holiness and divinity. . . . Words can be of no avail here; they are poor servants of the divine word delivered by the music."

The dying Master's spoken reply is not recorded. But one imagines he was pleased with the unwonted perception shown by his bromidic famulus.

The *andante con moto* leads uninterruptedly, but with a painful shock, into the bright, hard, brilliant, *rondo finale.* It is almost as though a gay band of Scotch bagpipers should burst without warning into the holiest of holies. Beethoven, indeed, often used to deal thus with his actual audiences. Having melted them to tears by some subliminal improvisation, he would suddenly give way to reaction as if ashamed of himself and them, and drum the flat of his hand hideously upon the keys, roaring derisively over their consternation and outrage.

The *finale* of the B flat trio is as cruel a thorn in the flesh of the sensitive music lover as the ill-advised choral feature of the Choral symphony, or as even the deplorable end of the "Pastoral." For, though it is better music than the last-named, it plays the iconoclast in a temple.

However, when one passes all Beethoven's work in review, it is remarkable how seldom he failed in that hardest problem of the composer, the *finale.* Among his successors, his only peers in the ending of compositions have been Brahms, Wagner and Franck.

In the summer of 1811 Dr. Malfatti sent Beethoven to see if the baths of Teplitz could help his headaches and that persistent old enemy, colic. At Teplitz he found his friend Varena, the philosopher Fichte, and a congenial circle of adoring poets. Tiedge and Countess Elise von der Recke, Varnnhagen von Ense and Rahel met him cordially, and he began an agreeable flirtation with a charming girl named Amalie Sebald. This young lady may have been at least as cordial as the poets, to judge from Beethoven's letter written the following September to Tiedge, in which he confounds the first and second person in a wholly original manner:

"Give Amalie a right fiery kiss for me when no one oversees us."

This girl followed in Bettina's footsteps as a collector of the hearts of the great, for she also captured the fancy of Carl Maria von Weber. To her Beethoven wrote his only attempt at rhymed verse. He called, found her not at home, and scribbled on a bit of paper:

Ex. 2

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"Ludwig van Beethoven,
Den Sie, Wenn Sie auch wollten,
Doch nicht vergessen sollten."
(Ludwig van Beethoven
Whom, even if you sought to
Forget, you never ought to.)

And now there comes disturbingly into the story one of the most beautiful, touching and mysterious love letters ever written by a genius.

On the sixth of July, in the morning.

My angel, my all, my very self.

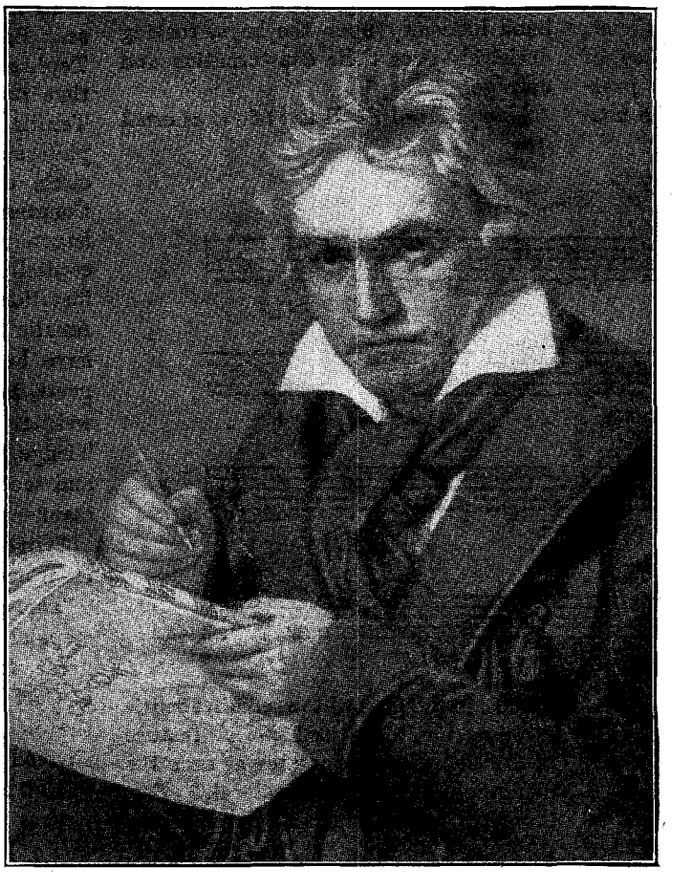
A few words today, only, and in pencil (your pencil) . . . Why this profound sadness where necessity speaks? Can our love exist otherwise than through sacrifice—through demanding less than all—can you help it that you are not wholly mine, and that I am not wholly yours?—Oh, God! gaze into the loveliness of nature and solace your heart with a sense of the inevitable;—love demands everything and love is wholly right, *thus it is for me with you, and for you with me*—only, you are so prone to forget that I must live for myself and for you as well;—were we wholly united you would feel the pain of it as little as I . . . . .

We shall, I fancy, see one another soon, besides, I can not this morning share with you all that has passed through my mind during the last few days about my life.—Were our hearts always close to one another I would have no thoughts of this kind. My heart is full,—to tell you much;—ah—there are moments when I feel that speech is nothing after all—be of good cheer—remain my true, my only treasure, my all, as I am yours; the gods must send us the rest, that which must be for us and shall be.

Your faithful Ludwig

Evening, Monday, July 6

You are suffering, you my dearest creature.—Only now have I learned that letters must be posted very early in the morning. Mondays—Thursdays—the only days when the post goes from here to K.—You are suffering.—Ah, wherever I am, you are there with me. . . . I hold converse with myself and you, I arrange things so that I may live with you, what a life!!!! thus!!!! without you—pursued hither and yon by the kindness of humanity, which in my opinion—I little deserve and as little care to deserve.—Humility of men to men—it pains me—and when I consider myself in connection with the universe, what am I and what is he—whom one calls the greatest [?]—and yet—herein again the divine is immanent in the human.—I weep when I think that you probably will not have the first news from me until Saturday evening—much as you love me—my love for you is stronger—but do not ever hide your real self from me—Good night—as I am taking the baths I must go to sleep—[two long words scratched out] Oh God—so near! so far! is not our love a truly celestial abode—but also immovable as the firmament!



BEETHOVEN AT WORK ON THE "MISSA SOLEMNIS,"
From a painting by Joseph Stieler

Good morning, on July 7—

Even from bed my thoughts press out to you, my immortal Beloved, from time to time joyfully, then again sadly, waiting to learn whether fate will lend ear to us—Life is possible for me either wholly with you or not at all—yes, yes I have resolved to wander far from you until I can fly to your arms and say that there I am truly at home, can send my soul enfolded by you into the realm of spirits—Yes, unhappily it must be so.—You will be courageous, the more so because you know my fidelity to you, never can another possess my heart, never—never!—O, God, why must one part from what one so loves; and yet my present life in V. [Vienna] is a grievous life.—Your love makes me at once the happiest and the unhappiest of men—at my age I now need a certain uniformity and regularity of life—are these compatible with our relations?—

Angel, I have just learned, that the post goes every day, and so I must close that you may receive the L. at once.—Be calm, only by a calm consideration of our existence can we attain our purpose of living together — be calm — love me — today — yesterday —what tearful yearnings for you — you — you — my life—my all—farewell —Oh, keep on loving me—never misjudge the faithful heart of your beloved

L.

ever yours
ever mine
ever for one another

Soon after the writer's death, as we shall see, this touching letter was found by chance in a secret drawer. No one knows whether the "immortal Beloved" ever received it. For decades now, the specialists have fought bitterly about the lady's identity. They have quarreled about the year in which the letter was written and about the place which the Master, without the slightest regard for the convenience of students yet unborn, so thoughtlessly designated as "K."

Thayer, Krehbiel, and Ernest entered the lists proclaiming Countess Therese Brunswick as the immortal Beloved; Schindler, Nohl, Kalischer, and de Hevesy championed Countess Giulietta Guicciardi; La Mara backed Countess Josephine Deym; Herr von Frimmel was on the side of Magdalena Willmann; Herr San-Galli had an eye single to Amalie Sebald. While Unger and

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Riemann, less downright, contended that Therese Malfatti and Bettina von Arnim had rights to consideration fully as valid as some of the others.

Each camp has been able to prove triumphantly that all the other camps are wrong. Their arguments, like the embattled cats of Kilkenny, have devoured each other down to the tails.

In a recent monograph,[1] the late Oscar G. Sonneck, with a trenchant logic, worthy of a supreme court justice, conclusively showed that none of these champions can possibly be right; that the letter must have been written in 1812; that we do not know who the immortal Beloved was; but that there still remains a chance of fresh documents being unearthed to solve the riddle.

Mr. Sonneck thought, and the writer agrees with his view, that in 1812 Beethoven was probably in love with two women at the same time: with Amalie Sebald and with the great unknown. In order to qualify as the immortal Beloved, Sonneck confronted any candidate with the following requirements: She must be "a woman other than Amalie Sebald with the initial A in her name, to whom all circumstantial evidence, whether of a chronological, topographical or psychological nature would apply. She would have to be a woman who probably lived, as did Beethoven, in Vienna, who was in K. during the same weeks that Beethoven wrote his 'immortal Beloved' letter at Teplitz on July 6 and 7, 1812, whom he perhaps met between July 2 and 4, 1812, at Prague and whom he expected to see again, probably at Teplitz."

This idea of Beethoven's being under the spell of two girls at once is encouraged by Ries's testimony about his Master's frequence and fickleness in love. "He was very often in love, but generally only for a short time. When I once teased him with the conquest of a beautiful lady, he confessed that she had captivated him most and longest—fully seven months."

Until new proof turns up, then, this question will have to join the origin of the Irish Giant, and the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, in the limbo of unsolved but unimportant mysteries.

The significant thing about Beethoven is his music. And the significant thing about this letter is the fact, that in spite of all its awkward struggling with the recalcitrant medium of words, his passion rises here to the same uplands from which the *adagio* of the Fourth symphony was heard and the ineffable *andante con moto* of the B flat trio.

In reality love played in Beethoven's life a part not much more important than the brief, luscious second subject plays in the first movement of the "Eroica." Its development gets along heroically without touching this subject and is all the better for that renunciation, just as the Master's life work was probably the better for renouncing the wife of his ardent dreams and for having received inspiration only from brief love episodes here and there.

In 1811, commissioned by a newly built theatre in Buda-Pesth, Beethoven dashed off incidental music to "King Stephen" and "The Ruins of Athens." This music was in every sense incidental. It may be classed with the "Triple Concerto" and the Polonaise[2] dedicated to the Empress of Russia, among the Master's least masterly productions.

Five years later, the overtures to these plays were to figure in an affair which sadly lowered Beethoven's credit across the English Channel. The London Philharmonic Society, fresh from the Fifth symphony, and moved by reverent enthusiasm for its creator, commissioned him for seventy-five guineas to write three overtures especially for them. Pocketing the money, he fobbed off on them the "King Stephen," "The Ruins of Athens," and a third overture[3] not vastly better.

The Philharmonic musicians tried over these old pot-boilers with grievous disappointment, resentfully laid them aside as unworthy of Beethoven, and felt that he had not only cheated but also insulted them. Word flew around among the British publishers: "For God's sake, don't buy anything of Beethoven!" One of them, named Birchall, when urged by Neate to buy these overtures, replied: "I would not print them if you would give me them gratis." Viewed in a reasonable perspective, however, such incidents are mere fly specks on the vast field map of the Master's career.

From the proper distance one may see at a glance the large lines of his psychological progress from the grim seriousness of the F minor quartet, with a single, wan half-smile on the last page,—through the restrained cheer and mystical ecstasy of the B flat trio, to the exuberant blitheness of the Seventh symphony and that sly, delicious compendium of purely musical wit, the Eighth.

After his bitter humiliation at the hands of the flapper, Therese Malfatti, he had to write one great composition in order to hold up his head; another to smile; a third to dance; and a fourth to laugh.

The Seventh symphony[4] was probably begun in 1811. It was finished in a violent outburst of exuberant joy in May, 1812,—the fateful month when war was declared on Russia by the hero whose name Beethoven had scratched from the Eroica's title page for the offense of turning tyrant. No such shout of jubilation had yet been heard in music.

Encouraged by Beethoven's recent condescension in pasting a program upon the Sixth symphony, certain poetic souls needed little encouragement to sharpen their goose quills for the Seventh. A young poetaster named Dr. Iken composed an essay to show that this work portrayed a political revolution. Whereupon the irate Beethoven pointed out the error of his ways. He said that such expositions, if necessary, "should be confined to characterizing the composition in general terms, which could easily and correctly be done by any educated musician."

But this attitude was not destined to discourage Marx from interpreting the Seventh as a story of Moorish knighthood, nor Oulibischeff from seeing it as a masquerade, nor Bischoff and M. D'Indy from tagging it as another "Pastoral" symphony.

Even such a level-headed critic as Robert Schumann found a rustic wedding in the famous *allegretto*. Ortigue saw there a procession in the catacombs; Dürenberg, "the love dream of a sumptuous odalisque." And in our own day Herr Emil Ludwig has described the symphony with great luxuriance of language as : I A meadow and woodland festival; II A priest's march with dance ceremonies about a temple; III and IV A bacchanale.

Such calisthenic exercises for the roving fancy are, of course, quite innocent if confined to the first person singular. The trouble with most of these commentators is that they try to clothe their whimsies with universal validity and to impose them on others.

The Seventh symphony needs interpretation by poet, dancer or draftsman

1. "The Riddle of the Immortal Beloved," 1927.
2. Op. 89.
3. C major, Op. 115.
4. Op. 92.

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no more than the fragrance of a cluster of wild-grape blooms. To the ear it is as obvious and direct a blessing as to the palate a roast pheasant, or to the touch a longed-for hand, or to the eye a beautiful young girl poised for a plunge into the waters of Capri.

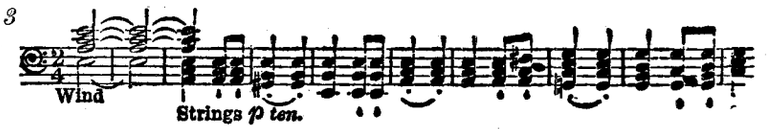
Herr Bekker remarks that the Seventh and Eighth symphonies are "representative of a hitherto unknown musical species—the unproblematic symphony, unproblematic because it stands above, not below, all problems." He does not see that the Third, Fourth and Fifth symphonies also stand far above all problems. The mere fact that Beethoven may have had in mind Napoleon, or a certain private love affair or possibly the wolf of fate at the door, when he wrote three movements out of the twelve, can no more make problem symphonies of them than the episode of Griffolino or of Paolo and Francesca or of Ulysses can make of the "Inferno" a treatise on aviation or a triangle drama or a sea story.

What the Master once wrote to Amalie Sebald about music's independence of people applies equally to its independence of stereotyped programs: "The good, the beautiful needs no people. Without any help from others there it stands." *("Es ist ohne alle andere Behilfe da.")*

The beginning and end of the Seventh show two structural features which Beethoven took in a simpler form from his predecessor and developed. These are the introduction and the *coda*. The opening *poco sostenuto* is almost a movement in itself. Without it we should never have had the greatest of all symphonic introductions,—that of the C minor of Brahms, to whom as a youth Schumann said: "Remember the beginnings of Beethoven's symphonies and try to do something like them." This introduction of the Seventh is the longest in any of the Nine.

The first movement is a young thing of extraordinary, resilient vitality which scarcely stops for a moment skipping and bounding along like an exuberant child. It is sweeter, prettier, more popular than most of its thirty-six symphonic companions, and for that reason, does not wear quite so well.

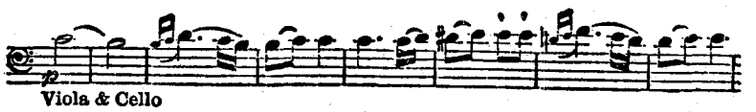
Ex. 3



The *allegretto* opens with one of the simplest tunes imaginable, more harmony than melody. (Ex. 3.)

This tune turns out to be like a beautiful mask by Benda, which conceals even fairer features. Beethoven was a master of such hidden meanings. We have seen how, as a lad of seventeen, when Mozart set him as a theme for improvisation containing a "joker" in the form of a concealed counter-subject, he saw through it in a flash. And here, his detective genius performed a brilliant *coup* and gave us, beneath the mask of Ex. 3, the loveliness of Ex. 4.

Ex. 4



This *allegretto* has a distinct elegiac quality. Without stressing any concrete interpretation of its haunting sadness let us not quite forget that Beethoven was almost at the end of his tether as a performer, and was before very long to touch the keys in public for the last time.

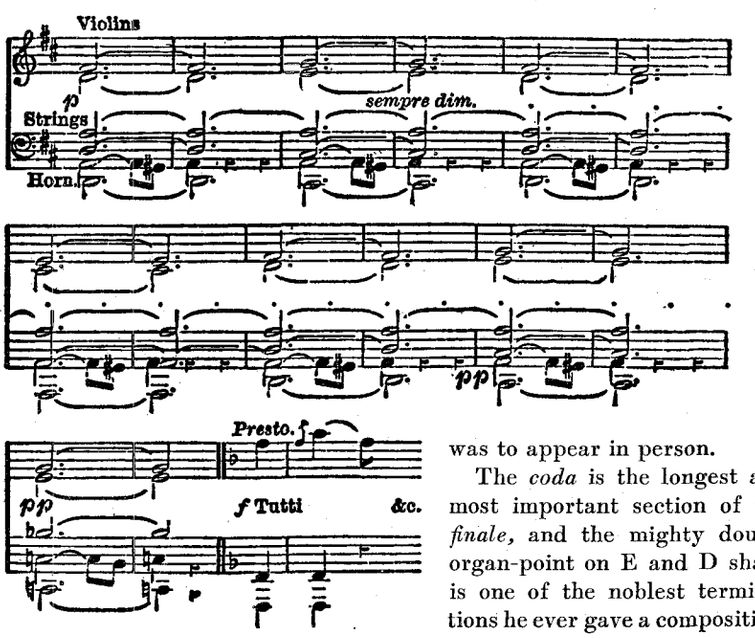
The Trio of the strong, fiery, exultant *scherzo* was taken from an old Austrian pilgrim's hymn, and harks back to the chorale-like Trio of the F minor quartet and the hymn-like *andante con moto* theme of the B flat trio. It looks forward, as well to the prayer-music so characteristic of the third period. The return to the *scherzo* proper is one of the most "romantic" pages in symphonic literature. (Ex. 5.)

The *finale* differs as much in kind from the gay *vivace* as the angular lines on the back of one's hand differ from the sinuous arabesque of markings on the palm. And yet each pair of designs seems to belong with equal inevitability to the same organism.

There is a mad, Czardas-like quality of ferment in this *finale* which brings to many minds fancies of "Dionysus and his crew." It recalls the Master's recent words as reported by Bettina: "I am the Bacchus who presses out this glorious wine for men and intoxicates their souls."

To the early critic who complained that Beethoven was drunk when he wrote this movement, M. Romain Rolland neatly retorted: "It was indeed the work of an intoxicated man, but one intoxicated with poetry and genius." In the grip of this frantic *kermesse* one is reminded of the sketches for a Tenth symphony which were found after his death. This never-completed work was intended to be a piece of program music where Bacchus was to appear in person.

Ex. 5



The *coda* is the longest and most important section of the *finale,* and the mighty double organ-point on E and D sharp is one of the noblest terminations he ever gave a composition.

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In the three fast movements of the Seventh symphony that rough boisterousness so characteristic of Beethoven's private life first came to extended expression in his works. Such pranks as the outrageous D's in the third bar of the *finale* show the hand which indited the *burschikos* skits to Zmeskall. Behind them one discovers the man who, as we shall presently see, brutally insulted the imperial court in order to play a practical joke on the courtier Goethe; the man who would spit out of a front window, use the candle-snuffers as toothpicks and shake off the water from his soaked hat upon the hosts with whom he had come to dine. Here we find, transcribed upon lines and spaces, that famous reply to the pompous brother who left a card on him:

> JOHANN VAN BEETHOVEN
> Landed Proprietor

The Master neatly parried with another card:

> LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
> Brain Proprietor

We shall see more of this sort of thing in the Eighth symphony.

The romantic Seventh somehow gives the illusion of vaster size than any of the nine except the Choral, while in reality it is shorter than the Eroica. By some feat of legerdemain it produces the impression of instrumental sumptuousness, in spite of the Master's amazing economy in going back to the poverty-stricken small orchestra of the first two symphonies.

Although Beethoven rarely expressed any appraisal of his own compositions, he twice wrote of this as one of his best works. But that was when the third period had as yet scarcely begun.

Because Beethoven had enjoyed his stay in Teplitz he returned there in the summer of 1812. An added attraction was the presence of Goethe and Bettina Brentano. To his wife Goethe wrote a first impression of the man. "A more self-contained, energetic, sincere artist I've never seen. I can understand right well how singular his attitude towards the world must be." But soon he was to speak in a different strain.

One day when the two great men were walking arm in arm, they saw the Empress coming and all the Court. "Keep as you are," muttered Beethoven. "They must give way to us, not we to them."

Deeply shocked, the courtier Goethe broke loose and stood reverentially with his hat in his hand, while Beethoven, always punctilious in receiving rather than in according respect, rammed his own hat lower upon his head, put his hands down and went his surly way. But the imperial party courteously divided for him like the waters of the Red Sea for that insurgent, Moses.

Then he paused, and when Goethe rejoined him said: "Well, I've waited for you because I honor and respect you as you deserve. But you did those yonder too much honor." Then he hauled the old poet over the coals; or, as he phrased it:—"thoroughly washed his head."

Though Bettina may have dressed this story up in Beethoven's alleged third letter to her, Thayer seems to have been justified in accepting the incident itself as authentic enough. The worldly impression which Goethe, the courtier, made upon Beethoven, is recorded in the composer's words: "One cannot laugh much at the ridiculous things *virtuosi* do, when poets, who ought to be looked upon as the principal teachers of the nation, forget everything else amid this glitter."

Other incidents served to chill the relations between the geniuses. A persistent legend relates that when Goethe complained of everybody bowing to him, Beethoven remarked with his usual tact: "Never mind, perhaps after all it's me they're saluting."

Beethoven played for Goethe, who seemed greatly moved, and was silent. The former took this tribute in bad part. He scolded the poet for not clapping his hands.

Such a raw and superficial attitude seems too hard to reconcile with an artist of Beethoven's calibre. But it must be remembered that childish impressions are strong. He had been brought up among rough, crude, lower-class professional musicians. Ever since he could talk it had been instilled into him that the only honorable applause consisted of a loud hideous noise made by striking together the palms of the hands. Then too, he was so fundamentally shy that, except with his few very intimate friends, he shrank from non-musical manifestations of strong emotion.

Lastly, he must in this case, have felt, by means of those infallible psychic antennae stretching out from performer to hearer, that the great Goethe's strong emotion was not based on enthusiastic comprehension and intelligent sympathy. Half of it was a conservative revulsion from anything so new and revolutionary as this music. And a good part of the remainder was jealous resentment at finding such demonic

(Please Turn to Page 278)

HEAD OF BEETHOVEN BY PAUL BOURDELLE
in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

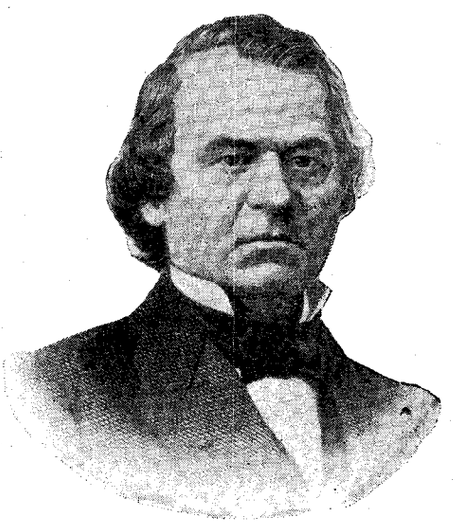
A Misunderstood President

Andrew Johnson: A Study in Courage. By Lloyd Paul Stryker: Macmillan. $7.50. Published this week.
Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot. By Robert W. Winston: Henry Holt. Published last year.

THE mills of the gods grind slowly, said a German poet, and it may be added that they grind with substantial justice. A case in point is the reputation of the seventeenth President of the United States, Andrew Johnson. For more than half a century his memory has suffered from the stigma of impeachment, the slander of drunkenness, and the suspicion of treason. It is only within the last year or two that American readers interested in the history of their country have awakened to the fact that President Johnson was a statesman who deserves their grateful respect rather than their contemptuous disdain.

For this marked and almost sudden change of popular feeling the temperate-minded American is indebted to two biographers, one a Southerner and one a Northerner, who have found in Johnson an unhackneyed and fascinating subject for biographical portraiture. Since Johnson was born and bred in the South it is a little odd that the Southerner should be more moderate than the Northerner in expressing indignation at the injustice which was heaped upon Johnson by contemporaries, who ought to have known better, and by subsequent generations who, through no fault of their own, have been fed with the prejudices and bitternesses of the Civil War period. Perhaps this difference in temper is due to the fact that the Southern writer is the older man of the two and has learned by hard knocks to take the distortions of history with more equanimity than the younger Northern writer who is moved by the chivalry and antagonism for tradition and convention that creditably characterize his generation. Indeed the Northerner's sense of injustice burns so deeply that he has overloaded his book with extraneous defenses of the man he has championed and its eight hundred pages make not quite so coherent nor so easily read a story as that of the Southern biographer.

The latter, Judge Winston, is a North Carolinian, has been a member of the North Carolina Senate, is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, and at sixty years of age reentered college to fit himself "to interpret the New South to the Nation and the Nation to the New South." Mr. Stryker is a son of a distinguished father who was president of Hamilton College in New York State for twenty-five years. With this slight description the two volumes, both of which were well worth writing, may be left to the judgment of the reader while his attention is now called to some of the outstanding features of Andrew Johnson's tragic life, related in documented but picturesque form by both biographers.



ANDREW JOHNSON
From "Andrew Johnson: A study in courage," by Lloyd Paul Stryker (Macmillan)

Andrew Johnson deserves an honorable rank in the list of those Americans who have risen from the lowliest origin to high station and influence. Born in North Carolina a few months before Lincoln's birth, he was a "poor white." His father was a handy-man in a Raleigh hotel or inn, and his mother often helped in the kitchen of that hostelry. They were "mud-sills" or, to use the term that Johnson himself preferred, plebeians. The father and mother had more character than money, and the boy Andrew received a haphazard education. In his youth he read with difficulty and he could not even write his own name until after he was married. As a boy he was apprenticed to a tailor from whom he ran away but to whom he owed his education in the trade that he pursued in his young manhood. A dress coat which he made may now be seen in the public museum maintained in his memory by his adopted State of Tennessee.

He was skilful, industrious, thrifty and prosperous, partly due to an able brain and partly to a superb physique. He established a family and his family life appears to have been both devoted and patriarchal. That he made on his community an impression of ability and trustworthiness is shown by the fact that he became successively a member of the State Legislature, of the lower house of Congress, Governor of his State, and a United States Senator. Mr. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, an able political orator himself, once declared that Andrew Johnson was the best stump speaker in America. Although a Southerner, his sympathies were against slavery and for free white labor, for he came from the laboring classes.

When the Civil War broke out Johnson's opposition to secession endangered his life by assassination but he never lost his bull-dog courage. Relying on his political and physical courage, Lincoln appointed Johnson Military Governor of Tennessee during the War and the State was thus saved to the Union. On Lincoln's initiative Johnson was nominated for Vice President in 1864 and, when Lincoln was assassinated, succeeded him in the Presidency.

Although a Union man, he was a Southerner, and he sought to carry out Lincoln's policy of conciliation of the South after the War. His services to the Union cause alienated his Southern supporters, and his outspoken and sometimes violent opposition to the "bloody-shirt" methods which the Northern Radicals adopted to punish the vanquished secessionists, alienated powerful Northern Republicans. Hence,

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to use an expressive slang term, "he got it both going and coming."

He became involved in a controversy with Congress over the Tenure of Office Act, which was passed to prevent his removing some of his Cabinet, and was impeached by the House and tried by the Senate for flimsily alleged "high crimes and misdemeanors." Luckily for the country he was acquitted, although by the narrowest possible majority—luckily because if Congress had succeeded in its hot-headed impeachment the stability of the Presidential office, one of the sheet-anchors of the Republic, would have been dangerously weakened. It is a curious irony of history that the Supreme Court of the United States has only recently rendered a decision sustaining the principle as to the removal of Presidential appointees which Johnson fought for at the risk of impeachment.

But what entitles Johnson to the gratitude of his country, even more than his Civil War record, was his paternity of the Homestead Law. He wrote the Law and championed it for fourteen years in Congress only to see it vetoed by President Buchanan at the behest of the slave-holding aristocracy of the South who did not want the great territory of the Mississippi Valley and far West developed by free labor. The Bill was passed again and signed by President Lincoln. Thus Johnson became, in the language of a fellow-Senator, "the Daddy of the baby," "the Father of the Homestead." To Johnson and his Homestead Act is due, more than to any other single legislative factor, the development of the great West into prosperous, free, agricultural States.

Johnson was not a cultivated or educated man in the academic sense of that term, but he was an omnivorous and discriminating reader, and when in Washington spent much of his time in the Library of Congress. He was cantankerous but loyal; an unrelenting fighter but a devoted husband and a faithful father; unpolished but a clear thinker; a politician but a scrupulously honest politician; an upright citizen and sober—save for one "bad slip," as Lincoln called it—in a political era more marked by drunkenness than sobriety. The Boston Puritan, John Quincy Adams, said that Johnson was "possessed of great native ability;" and the Southern gentleman and aristocrat, General Robert E. Lee, wrote to a friend that "every one approves of Andrew Johnson's policies." He was a patriot and the chosen helper of Abraham Lincoln. Those who, like the writer of this review, have ignorantly despised him in the past deserve to wear sack cloth and ashes while reading the dramatic story of his life as related by Judge Winston and Mr. Stryker.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

The Week's Reading

Foch Speaks. By MAJOR CHARLES BUGNET. Translated by RUSSELL GREEN: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. Published this week.

IT MUST BE confessed that the natural interest in this book lies rather in the subject than in the manner in which it is presented. The writer was one of Foch's aides. But not until after the War. So that his immediate picture of the Generalissimo is the picture of a man in an office, not of a man in the field: a man of vast common sense, inflexible will and great personal idealism, but a man the force—as well as the charm—of whose personality must be discovered between the lines of the book rather than through them. Foch went over his campaigns with his aide and his own words about them are quoted at length in what is, of course, the most valuable part of the book. As a strategist, he appears to have been a student of Von Moltke. His work always proceeded along these lines: "Draw up for me a memorandum: on the necessity for an object, a plan and a method."

His admiring celebrant has a comparison to Napoleon in the back of his mind, but Foch, to us, does not suggest that passionate and tragic figure. Personal ambition seems never to have goaded him. High-flown speeches never escaped his stern lips. In view of the importance of this book it will be sent to John Carter for detailed comment on the military side. To the reader interested largely in personalities, it may be taken as a hero-worshiper's simple tribute, or as the initial volume in the literature and legend of Foch, the immortal.

Class Reunion. By FRANZ WERFEL. Translated by WHITTAKER CHAMBERS: Simon and Schuster. $2. Published this week.

BRILLIANT TECHNIQUE, virtuosity dazzling but without warmth mark this novel by the author of "The Goat Song," a Theatre Guild play, here. The theme is that of conscience which doth make cowards of us all. The plot is highly original and offers opportunity for a clever use of the throw-back device. A Viennese examining magistrate is confronted by a prisoner charged with a particularly unsavory murder. His mind full of a-class reunion which he has reluctantly consented to attend, he sees in the murderer a long-lost classmate of the same name. He goes to the reunion and in the presence of his former schoolmates, now stupid, pompous or broken spirited, disillusioned men, he begins to relive his school days in vivid memory. He continues this process throughout the night. Ridden by a malignant, all-remembering spirit which forces him to write, he reconstructs the follies and sorrows of his adolescence which culminated in a crime for which he had thrown the blame upon the lost classmate. But in the morning, things have changed. Obviously, the murderer is not the Adler that the judge knew. To the eyes of day, the confession is a scrap of paper scrawled over in a demonic, incomprehensible shorthand. Any one familiar with the tendency to insistent emotional analysis so characteristic of the central European Jewish novelist, can imagine in advance the tension and strain of "Class Reunion." As an excellent example of this type of fiction, it is worth reading. Werfel squeezes the souls of his characters until they are distilled in drops of agony.

Sleeveless Errand. By NORAH C. JAMES: Morrow. $2.50. Published this week.

THIS NOVEL has been suppressed in England. One must conclude that there, as here, you may call a spade a jeweled spoon for feeding babies sugar, a Freudian instrument for the release of inhibitions, or a scintillating tool for the clever working over of elegant manure piles; but not a spade. The story, such as there is, concerns two young people and thirty-six hours in their lives. The man, a sane, decently-conducted fellow with an objectified life, intends suicide because he has discovered his adored wife rather too evidently in another man's arms; the girl, an egocentric neurotic, because her first lover has jilted her. They meet by chance and plan to die together. Waiting for the right moment, she shows him the inane and tedious world of promiscuity and liquor which is hers,

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and they disclose to each other their pasts. He has had an exceptionally happy life; hers has been sordid, tragic and aimless since its beginning. The end of the story is credible and pathetic. The principal characters are hardly more than sketches, the girl far more convincing than the man. There is no glamour about the way the "lost generation" which the book describes is going to the devil. It is a sad dull business, as empty of romance or courage, as deliberate and as cheap as an Automat. We did not find the book moving. And it will take another book to disclose the extent of the writer's talent. In this one, she has adopted her means to her end, skilfully. But they may be all the means she has. The baldness of incident and language, the harsh style, the exclusive use of dialogue, the absence of detachment or irony are perfectly appropriate to the subject.

(Please Turn to Page 270)

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis's best book, and must not be missed. Reviewed March 20.

Scarlet Sister Mary, by Julia Peterkin: Bobbs Merrill. Native material is used with poetic grace in this moving story of plantation life. Pulitzer prize. Reviewed November 21.

Mamba's Daughters, by DuBose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A richly melodramatic story of Charleston negroes and their white-folks. Reviewed February 6th.

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton, Mifflin. This conflict between a possessive mother and a modern daughter-in-law is described with subtle penetration in lovely prose. Reviewed March 27.

The Wild Bird, by Maud Diver: Houghton Mifflin. This story of how a wild bird of a girl was tamed by life and love is commonplace in style and content. Reviewed June 5th.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8th.

The Cradle of the Deep, by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. These salty and "fishy" adventures are making money for the author and trouble for the sponsors. Reviewed March 13.

On the Bottom, by Commander Edward Ellsberg: Dodd, Mead. The interesting story of the raising of the S-51 told by the man who planned and supervised it. Reviewed May 8th.

American Foreign Policy

As Discussed in Recent Books

EVERYBODY talks about the State Department, but nobody does anything about it. Administration follows administration, Secretary of State follows Secretary of State, fashions in diplomacy and traditions in foreign policy alter, but the State Department drones along, wrapped in bureaucratic quiescence, anemic from inadequate funds, reticent, unhonored and unreformed.

Now, at last, there is no longer any excuse for failure to put the State Department on a par with the European Foreign Offices. There is a new Administration, a vigorous Secretary, and —due to the Kellogg Pact—the glimmerings of public recognition of the Department's value to the country. With inspired timeliness, Henry Kittredge Norton has produced a monograph, "Foreign Office Organization" (Supplement to Vol. CXLIII of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science of Philadelphia, May, 1929) which ought to be in the hands of every editor, every lecturer on public affairs, every Congressman, every Senator, every State Department official, and every member of the Cabinet, the President included.

Mr. Norton has made a comparison of the organization of the British, French, German, and Italian Foreign Offices with that of the Department of State, which contains—in the form of "suggestions"—a full-bodied scheme of Departmental reorganization. He examines the State Department in the light of its European counterparts and shows how we are still trying to run "a billion dollar country" on penny-ante principles. The plain fact is that Mr. Norton's book is a sad commentary of the political imbecility of the American people, which leads them to appropriate hundreds of millions for defense and to grudge a cent to the agency which is supposed to prevent the necessity for defense from ever arising.

Mr. Norton sees the State Department as no match for the Quai d'Orsay, Downing Street, Wilhelmstrasse, or the Palazzo Chigi, in respect to brains, money, ability, tradition and experience.

Mr. Norton demonstrates that not only do we pay relatively less for our State Department in terms of per capita income, proportion to the entire budget, and proportion to the budget for defense than do the "militaristic" nations; we actually pay less for our State Department than does any other of the five Great Powers discussed. Here are the figures for those who doubt:

Country	Total Appropriations	Receipts from fees	Net Cost
Great Britain	$10,607,730	$3,536,070	$7,071,660
France	9,335,190	5,756,196	3,578,995
Germany	16,126,975	936,925	15,190,050
Italy	6,879,605	3,200,000	3,679,605
United States	11,002,048	8,758,483	2,243,565

It is a logical and thoroughly-documented case which Mr. Norton presents and one which may go far toward shaping responsible opinion as to what should be done about the State Department. It is certain that something of the sort is needed if the "Department of Peace" is to be kept from becoming a playground for rich men's sons and sublimated clerks.

Two other books, of more than passing interest to students of our foreign policy, are Harold Norman Denny's "Dollars for Bullets" (The Dial Press) and "The Economic Foreign Policy of the United States" (McGraw Hill) by Benjamin H. Williams. Mr. Denny is a newspaperman turned historian and his book is a fair, accurate, and interesting account of our relations with Nicaragua down through the last election. He holds no propagandist brief for intervention but is impelled to exonerate the Government on the charge of deliberate imperialism, capitalistic exploitation, and marine atrocities. His book pays tribute to Secretary (then Colonel) Stimson's part in bringing peace to the most distracted country the Western Hemisphere has ever seen. Like so many of our more brilliant rising publicists, Mr. Denny received an invaluable training in objective observation and thorough reporting on the "New York Times," whose Nicaraguan Special Correspondent he was during the tumultuous period which led up to the peace of Tipitapa. Professor Williams's book is a sober text-book of notable value in its freedom from opinionated bias. He presents the facts which illustrate our diplomatic transition from a Nation of isolated idealistic debtors to one of bumptious industrialist creditors. His book is a useful volume for the reference shelf but does not repay consecutive reading, as its very pedestrian objectivity is attained at the cost of interest. It is the sort of book which you ought to own, but not the one you want to read; there are so many like that though only too few on this particular subject.

JOHN S. CARTER.

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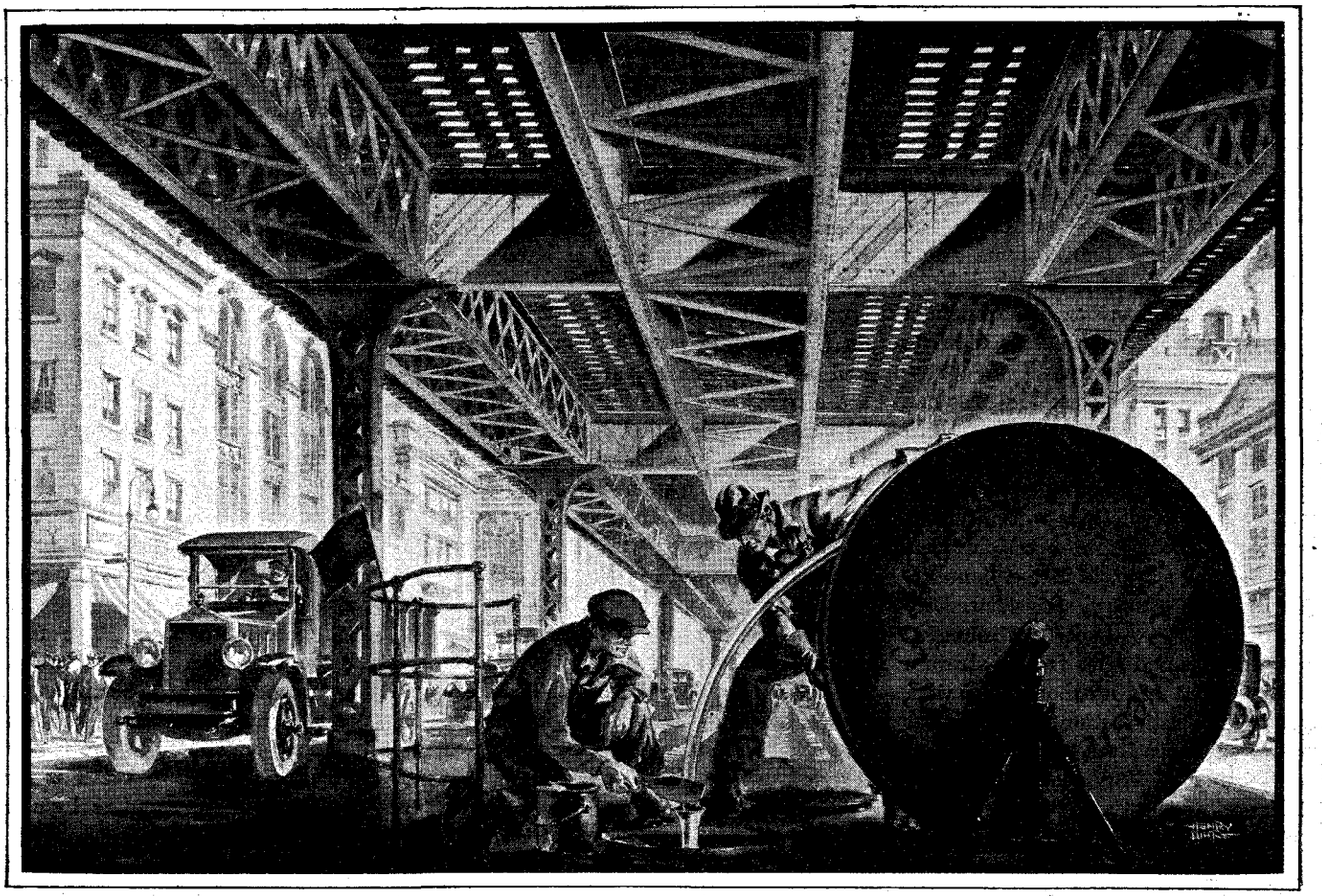

1800 conversations at once through a cable less than 3 inches thick

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

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The challenge to the scientific minds of the Bell System was to find a way for more conversations in existing conduits. Fifteen years ago, the pride of the System was a cable containing nine hundred pairs of wires. Then by many improvements a cable of twelve hundred pairs was perfected. It was rightly considered a scientific triumph.

Today, cables containing eighteen hundred pairs of wires are in service and these cables with every wire insulated are only two and five-eighths inches in diameter, one-half as large as the first nine hundred-pair cable. Eighteen hundred conversations at once—six hundred more than before—can now pulse through this two and five-eighths inches of cable.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 268)

Dark Weather. By MARGUERITE E. BALDWIN: Dutton. $2.50. Published this week.

THE CHIEF male character of "Dark Weather," a boy named Jules, who has, in some way not made clear, acquired what Dorothy Dix aptly calls "a veneer of culturine" and reads Anderson and Van Vechten and knows some nasty words in French, has written a book before the story opens. Throughout "Dark Weather," he threatens to write another, about "the girls." We suspect that this is it. If so, Jules is one of our young romantic realists. "Dark Weather" is a book of pictures in monochrome; not pleasant pictures, but vivid ones; figure pictures without background. Although we are told that Styxtown, the scene, is in the Pennsylvania mining country, the characters seem to exist without environment. They are boys and girls from a stratum of society that has no thought or wish beyond the satisfaction of physical needs, and their lives are a sad and sordid round of Ford petting parties, bad liquor and untimely babies. And all this without the background of relentless, hopeless slavery to labor which would have made it comprehensible. The girls have no idealism whatsoever. There is a little in the tender calf-love of some of the boys. The dialogue is authentic, and the characters and scenes, many of them painfully brutal, appear to be taken from life. It is quite evident that the authoress has made a close study of her subject, and is emotionally involved in it. Unfortunately, her style lacks both the vigor and the fineness which would have made her book poignant.

Spring. By SOPHIA CLEUGH: Macmillan. $2. Published this week.

THIS IS very light fiction indeed. An English professor, as usual absent-minded and lost in Sanskrit roots, takes his family of a maiden aunt, a Boston cousin, and three youngsters for a Sabbatical year in an Italian villa. The family is drawn by these bright and annoying children into the complications which seem, in light novels, to be the commonplaces of every Italian town, including the theft of a famous picture, a bad brother masquerading as a good one, to say nothing of soldiers in blue shoulder capes, and lovely titled ladies. All ends well with a love story for Gilliflower (these children have floral names) in the offing. Mildly amusing, vaguely romantic, as free

(Please Turn to Page 275)

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

THIS is the time of year when frantic friends call us upon the telephone and want to know which are the five best shows in the New York theatres—two musical and three drama!—and how much will they have to pay if they are to see all five before the ship sails, and will we be sure to remember, in our recommendations that deaf Aunt Mary is with them, this year, and Bobbie is now fourteen, and they are chaperoning Brother George's two flapper daughters, and Mrs. Bargem—you remember Mrs. Bargem of the Pine Needles Twig, who married that real estate man?—Mrs. Bargem is also to be one of the party.

Now, what would we recommend?

Well, frankly, we wouldn't recommend anything to people who go to the theatre in regiments. But if you can run away by yourself—with possibly one companion—we could be induced to give a hasty resume of the season which is dying, Egypt, dying. . .

"Caprice," first. For no matter how intellectual we are, we want genuine entertainment these evenings—and if it is amusingly sophisticated, and Viennese in the bargain, and is the emotional triangle as it ought to be done (it amounts to a discussion of marriage, with marriage left out)—well, if it is these things, it does it no harm to be also the best acted piece in town. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, ladies and gentlemen. Is it the Pulitzer prize winner?

Well, no; that is "Street Scene." And if you are able to strap yourself in your seat, you will see here an almost Russian piece of realism of the brownstone fronts of the New York tenement streets—containing the most frightful murder in the annals of the stage. A milk collector murdered like a rabbit. Yes; it is good; poignant, with the acute anguish of the sensitive artist viewing humanity. But first choice? No.

We would rather take in Mr. Milne's "The Perfect Alibi." And it's a murder, too—but, oh, what a difference! Murder a la Milne, with echoes of "Mr. Pim Passes By." J. M. Barrie reads Mr. Edgar Wallace, with a smile. That sort of genial excitement.

"Journey's End" next. (For we are assuming that you have seen "Strange Interlude" or else read the book and said flatly you wouldn't see *that!*) Other plays will seem slightly made-up and tawdry after you have shared this Englishman's memory of the trenches before San Quentin, with the green flares outside, and inside in the timbered dugout a gallant band of gentlemen holding their rendezvous with death. "What Price Glory" becomes a vaudeville skit beside this play. And at least one of the characters will remain in your mind so long as you can remember anything. But do not expect a melodramatic plot or complicated story. No woman appears on the stage. And the awaited German drive provides the only suspense. And there will be acrid smoke in your nostrils when you emerge. Also, there will be a new conception of England in your mind.

Nevertheless, don't miss this one. It seems hardly credible that the War was only a few years ago. . . .

"Little Accident" and "Let us Be Gay" should claim you next. And neither needs much description; although you must remember that Floyd Dell had a good deal to do with the first mentioned, and so there is more genuine human nature and real emotion in it than in three or four "Let Us Be Gays." A baby—even if an accident—is bound to bring more to the surface in people than a mere house party wherein two people who once were married torment each other into trying it again. . .

These plays really constitute our list. Do you ask about "Holiday"? Well, if you cannot get in at "Caprice" Philip Barry's comedy will amuse you. But it is extraordinarily meaningless.

"The Camel Through the Needle's Eye" doesn't pretend to so much; and so is näively amusing. But in its case, also, an evening is an evening; and this is second string. We would choose John Drinkwater's "Bird In Hand" instead. Because all his characters are very funny and the barrister goes crazy with anger in the small hours of the morning over the strange bedquilt in which he finds himself entangled. Very English.

Remains only Ethel Barrymore in her Lili Hatvany concoction, made from the Robert Chambers, Michael Arlen, Somerset Maugham recipe. And Miss Barrymore's voice can still charm, if her play can't.

Wherefore, unless you are a fan, choose one of our list first. And meanwhile don't call us up about the musical shows. We'll go into them next week, if you'll stay away from "Pleasure Bound" during the interim. It seemed to us, the other evening, worse than "A Night in Venice."

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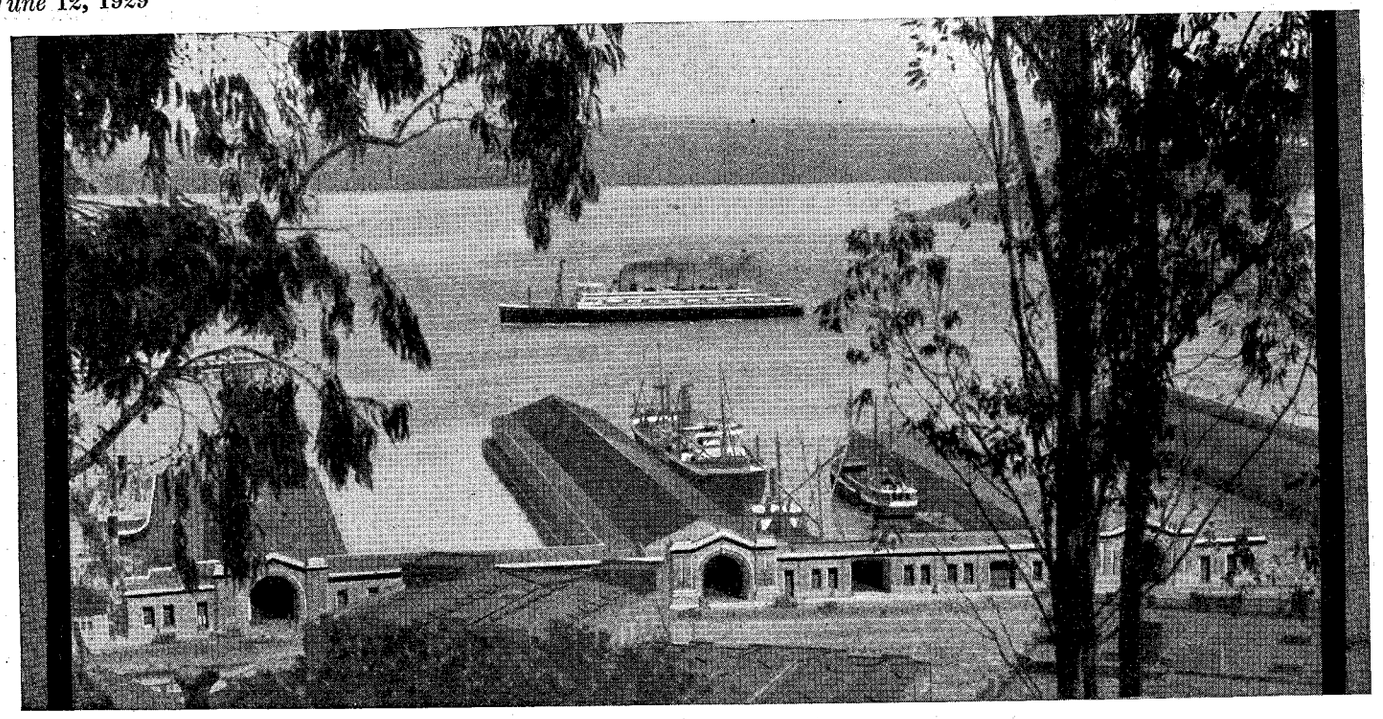

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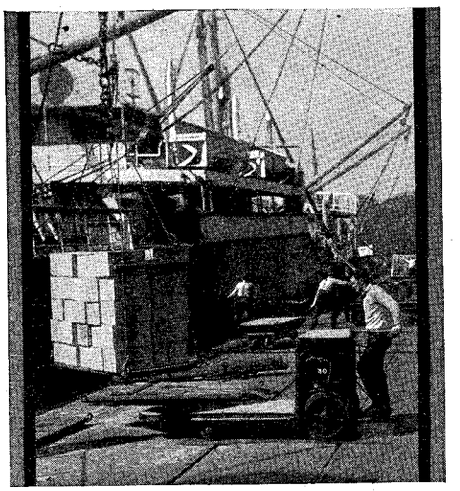

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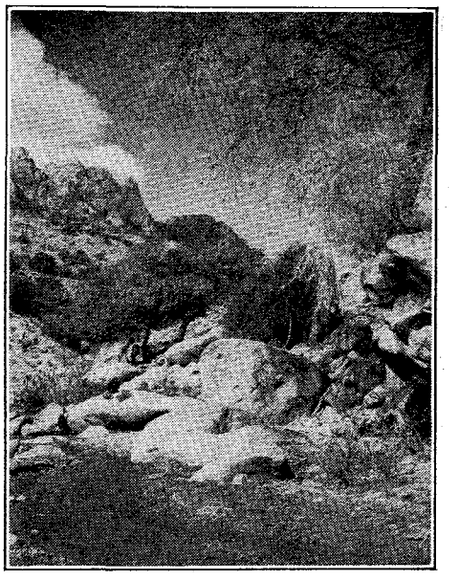

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Cocoanuts"

THE Brothers Karamarxov—Groucho, Harop, Chico and Zeppo—are just as funny in this all-talking picture as ever they were in the original stage version. The settings, chorus numbers and musical score are equally well devised. The mechanical and electrical processes are above reproach. But, somehow. the screen doesn't seem big enough to hold the show, even though such a large part of the action is devoted to the Brothers Marx and their various specialties.

Monta Bell is credited with having produced "The Cocoanuts" for Paramount-Famous-Lasky, while two other gentlemen are mentioned as its directors. One of these two is Joseph Santley, who knows a lot about musical shows, but is uninformed, as far as we know, in the mysteries of movie technique. To what degree Mr. Bell, as "producer" participated in the direction of "The Cocoanuts" we are unable to state; our guess would be—only slightly.

For Mr. Bell knows movie technique from Arc to Zukor and the film under discussion reflects no such knowledge. In spite of its lavishness and undoubted sparkle, "The Cocoanuts" is actually hard to sit through, because its directors appeared to have so little notion of the capabilities of a camera lens. They had at their disposal, for example, the musical comedy talents of Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw. These artists require (and justify) a full stage and lots of foot room. But Mr. Santley and his collaborator had them jammed up into the very camera lens or else long-shotted from such acute angles that one appeared to be watching them from a fifty cent seat in the second balcony.

With present-day cameras and present-day screens, the talkies will do well to remember that they are photographs first and sound makers second. They will be confused, and confusing, as long as they try to crowd a big ensemble number into a screen close-up.

The curious part of it is that mob effects have been the long suit of the movies for many years. Every screen epic has made use of great hordes of extras, and film enthusiasts have pointed to the results as evidence of the screen's advantage over the stage; now they seem to find it next to impossible to photograph twelve chorus girls without spilling two or more of them out of the picture entirely. It is suspected by this correspondent that the producers feel the best view of a chorus girl to be as close a view as possible. There is, without doubt, much in this theory that is tenable. Nevertheless, it is our position that, since the young lady is only celluloid, and can't possibly be taken out to supper, she might just as well be kept in her proper perspective in the eye of the spectator—and in his mind as well.

To conclude—"The Cocoanuts" is a good show, and should be seen.

"The Black Watch"

THIS TALKIE presents some of the best sound effects yet achieved and introduces Victor McLaglen as a talking actor, and a good one. It also exhibits Miss Myrna Loy as a Hindu princess who speaks exclusively in epigrams and who informs Captain Donald King, of His Majesty's Fifth Royal Highlanders, that she may be only a princess to some, but to him she is, first and foremost, a woman. If you have seen Miss Myrna Loy you will jump at conclusions here and simply assume that Capt. King would respond to this suggestion like a Fifth, or even Sixth, Royal Highlander.

You would be wrong. Captain King (Mr. McLaglen) shoves her gently from him and murmurs firmly "It cannot be." It was really too bad that Captain King said this. It made the princess awfully sad, and it made the audience laugh. Give an audience the opportunity of laughing just once in the wrong place and they'll take advantage of it to laugh all through the show. Literally the only weak points in "The Black Watch" were the writing of Miss Loy's part and her amatory passages with the inflexible Mr. McLaglen; but they were weak enough to rob an otherwise fine picture of all claims to greatness. Miss Loy did all she could with her rôle. She is, in fact, an actress of charm and power in addition to being something more than just a good-looker. But no one could have gotten away with the succession of soggy platitudes that Mr. James Kevin McGuinness forced between her rose-petal lips, in the evident belief that she could leaven them in the delivery of her lines.

Even so, "The Black Watch" was well worth while—moving, colorful and at times exciting.

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Jones of Washington

(Continued from Page 249)

Marine and Fisheries and Rivers and Harbors—reveal. The 1902 irrigation act for which he was one of the sponsors has transformed Yakima into one of the garden spots of the world—a profitable one, withal—and stands as a monument to his legislative industry. When he announced his candidacy for the Senate in 1908, with characteristic humility and hesitancy, a friendly Seattle newspaper referred to him as a man of "God-fearing honesty, steadfast uprighteousness, resolute moral courage, correct and cogent reason, plain common sense and gumption, persevering and conscientious effort, trustworthiness and fairness." It may be that the post-Victorian editorialist did not omit anything, but most of Jones's colleagues will concede that he did not exaggerate.

In the Senate he is regarded as one of the comparatively few effective members, although his grasp of public affairs is deep and parochial rather than comprehensive. If he is the father of the present merchant marine policy, which he established in the face of the Coolidge Administration's hostility and the cavilling of conservative interests, it is largely because Washington is a coastal State. His thoughts have been oriented Westward in large degree, and he shared the antipathy of the rural hinterland toward American participation in the World War. He showed courage and independence by voting for the resolution to warn Americans off armed belligerent liners, and he was among the "wilful" group denounced by Wilson. In a speech notable for its spirit of historical detachment he declared that, had their positions been reversed, Great Britain would have shown no more tenderness for American lives and property than Germany. Once the United States entered the War, however, he gave loyal though critical support to the Administration, and rebuked slighting references to his earlier attitude.

With many drys, Jones viewed the War as an opportunity to advance "the cause." Again and again he offered amendments to war emergency measures that would have hastened the day of Nationwide prohibition laws. It was his bill that closed the oyster bars and saloons of the Capital long before the Nation went dry, and had the Republicans been in power, he would have been author of the Eighteenth Amendment. Now, however, he finds himself ranged alongside such immortals as Carrie Nation, Wayne B. Wheeler and Andrew J. Volstead—but he doesn't know yet whether he wants that kind of a halo.

Poetry

Five Hundred Miles South

Five hundred miles south—south on the Spanish king's highway,
Five hundred miles south—it's only the length of a day;
But we've lost the North, and the road to the North is my way,
Five hundred miles south—it's the length of a lifetime away!

Where is the North now, where is the star Polaris?
Where is the north moss on these bearded trees?
Now all the gods are dead, and very far is
The northern mist above the northern seas.

Only the bare bright moon is there that mocking
Rises above the bare brown fields we pass—
Only the bare bright moon, so clear and shocking,
Mirrors again the bare bright fields in glass.

Call on your god—he is asleep, or is gone on a journey;
Call on your god, he is sunk in sunlight fathoms deep!
Even the stars have changed, in this strange country:
They huddle over our heads like stray white sheep.

How shall I find the North, since all stars fail me
And the north moss points not the ancient vane?
How shall I find the North, hear seagulls hail me,
And feel on my parched lips the northern rain?

DOROTHY BENNETT.

Obsession

I waste my days on the impossible:
From the beginning I have sought to bring
Into the toils of language the fierce thing
No word may gather and no tongue may tell;
And it was in this room that first the spell
Was cast upon me for a curse, to wring
My heart in labor and in suffering
Under these rafters that I love so well.
By candle-light in the accustomed chair,
I sit, still weaving webs for the white thought
That never yet in any web was caught,
Of woven words or net of tangled rhyme,
I know—and that the years shall find me here
Toiling in hope until the end of time.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK.

Shadows

The shadow of a bird
Flying
Above the desert,
Leaves no stain
Upon the sands,
When it is gone.

But a shadow
That passes across the soul . . . . ?

NOTROM DIVAD.

Shendon Water

I will go back again to the wood by Shendon Water,
And watch a nuthatch rocking or a loping fawn hare pass
Till the dark dulls leisurely, leisurely over the chilling sunset
And over the dun deep clearness of ripples, and down the grass;

I'll set my back to a willow and feel the twilight dampen,
And know that I need not ever go anywhere else again,
And stare till the silver plate of the full moon stealthily pushes
Up past a black tree's flatness that edges an empty plain;

I'll feel in my ears the silence spreading for miles around me,
With nothing to touch or need me, nothing to feel or be
But the cool incurious timelessness of dark Shendon Water
Lapping away from my feet and the roots of the willow tree:

And I will need love no more, nor the breath nor the touch of lovers,
Because of Time smoothed out, tenting me, and the twilight's brown
And the stiffness of naked trees, and the lapping of Shendon Water,
And now and again a curled leaf, yellow, to waver down.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

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Why I No Longer Go to Church

(Continued from Page 259)

revitalizing my interest in religion as a "living force," is bringing me slowly into direct opposition to all organized religion.

Finally, there is the personal equation. The antics of a Bishop in New York State have done more to make me scorn the Episcopal Church than has anything or anybody since the "Christers" whom I despised at Yale. When I read the work of his personal press agent: "Bishop Praises Kellogg Pact," "Bishop Backs Naval Disarmament," "Bishop Urges Divorce Ban," and so on, I simply lose what admiration I once had for the essential wisdom and worldliness of the Episcopalians.

And then, three years ago I was about to be married. My bride had been the innocent party in a divorce suit in which she obtained a decree on the ground of infidelity. We both wanted to be married in church, for sentimental reasons, perhaps; at any rate we wanted to be married under the Episcopal rite. I inquired of a clergyman as to whether the rule of the church would permit the remarriage of a divorced person in such circumstances. If not, I was prepared to forego the pleasure of a formal marriage. If so, I wanted to go ahead. The answer was that the Bishop would have to review the facts of the case on which the Supreme Court of the State of New York had already passed, and that the Bishop would probably let me be married by a clergyman if I submitted my case to him. I simply replied that I'd be damned before I'd let him pass upon the law of the State or upon my private affairs. We went down to the City Hall and were married by the county clerk.

This ended my formal association with the Episcopal Church. If it had had a hard and fast rule, I was prepared to abide by it; but where it was a matter of submitting my personal affairs to the judgment of a prelate, I rebelled. There are certain times in the life of every one when he turns quite naturally to the Church—birth, marriage, and death. It is to serve the human need for something beyond merely personal feelings that the Church primarily exists. If, on those occasions, I am required to pass an examination, I simply feel that the Church has failed me. I am willing to submit my private affairs to the judgment of God and to no man, and my public affairs to the law and to no priest. That is the Protestant position and the Episcopal Church still terms itself "Protestant," despite the aspirations of the higher clergy.

There are, of course, times when I still feel the pull of the Church upon my life. At Christmas and Easter, there is a sort of emptiness without the services and carols and anthems. When I am at my father's home I attend service, both because I know that it pleases him and as an act to protect him from the criticism of his congregation. I have no positive dislike of or distaste for the Church, or for any aspect of it. I simply have no use for it.

The Episcopal Church, which has a very strong hold on my affections and my loyalties, seems to me to be making a mistake in trying to justify itself to reason and to society. Its obsolete and unscientific dogma can no more be rationalized than can any other fable. I would no more have its teachings altered than I would have Yale abandon the "Brek-ek-ek-ek! coax! coax!" of its famous cheer for a more intelligible "Hooray!" or to have St. Barnabas's abandon its school hymn for the latest jazz. Furthermore, I see no reason why the Church must prove its vitality by colliding with other political, social or economic institutions. I deny that it has any mandate to improve society. I wish that it would remember that it has a mandate to assist the individual.

Its function is to bring color, courage, and spiritual harmony to the individual, by teaching him again and again that weakness and folly are the greatest of sins and that sin is anything hostile to human life. At the same time, it should remind him that death is an integral part of society, that it is necessarily so, and that he might as well accept death as fully as he accepts life. As it is, the Church encourages an attitude of negative "goodness" as a substitute for the joy and vigor of life, and of equally futile hope in a "resurrection" and "day of judgment" for a calm and courageous acceptance of the fact that we know nothing about death. The Church hides from life and it conceals death, and I do not see how it can expect men and women to respect it so long as it deals so timidly with the two realities upon which human society is reared.

From my own point of view, I doubt whether even that would materially affect my conduct. It would certainly increase my respect for it and would probably induce me to turn to it for help and strength in time of trouble. The difficulty seems to be that, as now constituted, the Episcopal Church seems to have no place in its communion for a congenial skeptic. The Church has put me considerably in its debt and even though I do not subscribe to its dogmas intellectually, or approve of its present activities, I still feel a sense of belonging to it. None the less, the Church would never feel that I belonged to it if I were to write this article under my own name. Perhaps that is its trouble.

In a Forthcoming Issue

The Sanctity of the Law

By

WAINWRIGHT EVANS

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 270)

from shocks as from surprises, "Spring" will do for summer reading.

Young Mrs. Greeley. By BOOTH TARKINGTON: Doubleday, Doran. $2. Published June 7.

YOUNG MRS. GREELEY and Aurelia Hedges, her "gossip," misleading mentor, and temporary evil genius, are additions to Booth Tarkington's gallery of feminine portraits. They are not Renaissance full-lengths in oils but modern lithographs, sharp, ironic, contemporaneous. Stella Greeley is beautiful and dumb, the silly, vulgar wife of a rising young employee of the kitchen ware trust. She has day dreams and Aurelia Hedges encourages them. Stella credits her looks with vast power, her husband's homely ability with none. Disillusionment comes quickly enough, and one is given to understand that she will rise from beneath it a wiser, happier woman. The novel is short, but packed with Tarkington's realistic characters, dialogue and scenes. The occasion of Stella's downfall, the dinner at the Big Boss's where she finds herself sadly overdressed and underbrained, is described with poignant delicacy and becomes, under Tarkington's skilful fingers, fine tragic-comedy. The whole education of Stella Greeley is rather more painful than amusing. But the lessons she learns are salutary; in fact the book points a useful moral. In view of Tarkington's popularity one may hope that other young Mrs. Greeleys will profit by it. It is first-rate light reading.

Forthcoming Books

Young Mrs. Greeley. By BOOTH TARKINGTON: Doubleday Doran. June 7.

Adios. By THE BARTLETTS: William Morrow. June 3.

Portrait of a Spy. By TEMPLE THURSTON: Doubleday Doran June 7.

The Lady of Laws. By SUSANNE TRAUTWEIN: Elliot Holt. June 6.

Class Reunion. By FRANZ WERFUL: Simon Schuster. June 6.

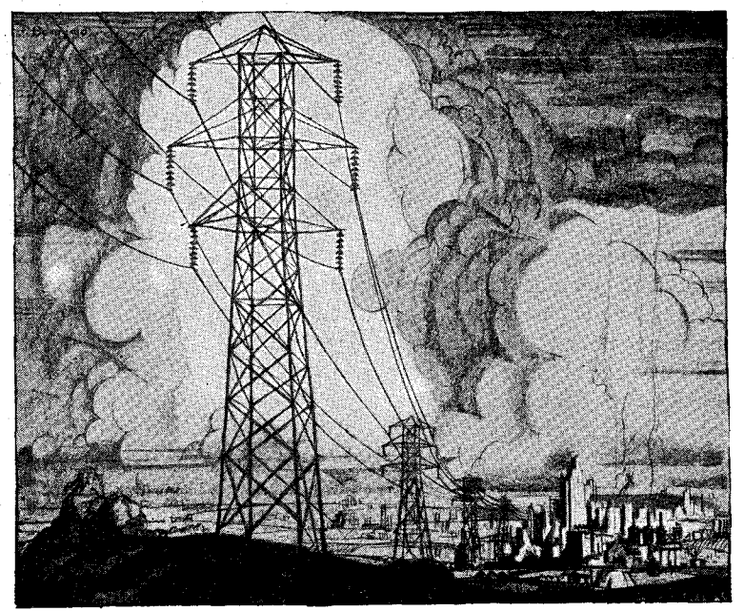
Dark Weather. By MARGUERITE E. BALDWIN: Dutton. June 6.

Foch Speaks. By MAJOR CHARLES BUGNET: Dial Press. June 3.

Spring. By SOPHIA CLEUGH: Macmillan. June 11.

Sleeveless Errand. By NORAH C. JAMES: Morrow. June 6.

Andrew Johnson. By LLOYD PAUL STRYKER: Macmillan. June 6.



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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

W. R. Burnett's Little Caesar
Lincoln MacVeagh

"I studied Maupassant!" Mr. Burnett is quoted as saying in the publisher's advertisement of this book which has been selected by the Literary Guild as its June offering. Well, we studied mathematics in college, but no one has ever been influenced by the fact to accept us as a highly trained mathematician. And anyway, aren't the clouds of literary criticism hanging rather low over Maupassant at present? Personally, this book seems to us nothing more than another—fairly honest, fairly interesting—one of those hard-boiled gangster stories—a little thin perhaps because the author sees his gangsters as rather simple predatory beasts, ruled solely by the most elementary instincts and lusts. Rico, the Youngstown gunman, comes to Chicago, wins leadership in a gang in Little Italy, prospers for a time, and then falls. The *how* of all this is told, but not the *why*—either explicitly or implicitly.

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Understanding the Tariff

(Continued on Page 245)

eign goods which in the long run we must import to approximately the value of the goods we export. All trade is barter; goods can be sold only for goods; and in the end we can sell our surplus products abroad only by buying an equivalent amount abroad. The growing exporting interests, therefore, must range themselves with the agricultural interests in favor of lower duties. They will eventually turn the tariff scales to the ultimate economic advantage of the country as a whole.

K. All tariffs should come down together.

The United States will hardly be willing to wipe out its protective tariff unless other countries also cut down theirs. There may be theoretical arguments to prove that we would be better off without a tariff even if other countries had them, but human psychology will always be present to upset these theories. Free trade England has discovered that. And in any event there should be defensive measures available to prevent "dumping" and other unfair practices. These aside, it would be to the advantage of all countries, once they could rid themselves of the national defense incubus, to remove the economic restrictions upon trade.

Mr. Kellogg won an enviable place in history as the author of the Pact for the Renunciation of War. Mr. Stimson could outshine his predecessor if he could bring into being a similar pact for the renunciation of the tariff as an instrument of national economic policy. The economists of the world have already formally recommended this in the Economic Conference at Geneva. The politicians would resist it as they resisted the Kellogg Pact. But it is no more impossible to overcome the resistance in the one case than it was in the other. A universal abolition of tariffs on a ten-year installment plan would do more than any other one thing to implement the Kellogg Pact and to open the doors of a new era of economic progress.

In a forthcoming issue

Store Porch Philosophy

by

CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THE Monroe Calculating Machine Company has brought out a new Adding-Calculator which is small enough to be carried about like a portable typewriter. It weighs 7½ pounds and fits into a leather case not much larger than a brief case. Working with figures on the job, or at home, is thus made as easy as it is in the office, with all the usual appliances at hand.

THE EVERHOT electric oven, or waterless cooker, is, we believe, a combination of electric oven and fireless cooker. You start your dinner, then switch off the current and the food continues to roast, stew, boil or steam until you are ready to eat it. And if you're going on a picnic, you simply take the Everhot along, and you've got a good hot meal a number of hours later. The Everhot is equipped with three heavy aluminum pans, and you also get with it a recipe book.

RECENT CONTROVERSIES regarding forged antiques purchased in good faith by museums and collectors add interest to the new classical study room at the Metropolitan Museum, where are shown quite a number of such forgeries —some of them having been acquired by the Metropolitan itself, and later proved spurious. Various original marbles, potteries and frescoes in different states of completion are shown, so that students may see how the ancient works were made and thus be better able to detect forgeries. Methods of antiquing marble, to present the appearance of having been weathered for centuries, are also shown.

CLOTHES SAVERS are a kind of moth poison made in the shape of the familiar Lifesaver candies. You hang them on hooks in the closet, or over the hanger on which your clothes are put away, and they vaporize and all the moths on the premises die a lingering and, we hope, painless death. We don't like moths; a group of them recently banqueted on the sleeve of our dinner coat; but still, we are humane about it. We don't want to think of them suffering.

MACY'S has designed a radio cabinet, which, although it looks like a small chest of drawers, has our entire approval. It is entirely free from curleycues, gingerbread, fretwork and such emblems of heraldic pomp as seem somehow to have become associated in our mind with radio cabinets. There are three drawers—apparently—with a space below. The radio is in the upper part, the speaker in the lower, and the sound comes through a vent in the cabinet's base.

ICELESS WATER COOLERS for use in offices and factories, either piped for city water or for use with bottled spring water, are coming more and more into use. One type has refrigeration space for milk and beverage bottles.

A NEW DART GAME, with target and darts, provides all the sport of the usual dart game with none of the danger to life, limb, furniture and walls involved in the sport when the darts are pointed with steel. The target is simply a large brush, painted in concentric circles, and the darts are brush tipped, so that when they strike the target, they stick. No longer need you fear that a dart, launched by an inexpert hand, may transfix the canary in his gilded cage, or rip the crushed levant cover of your choice copy of Elbert Hubbard's Notebook.

SOMETHING for children like the Pogo-stick on which you may perhaps have bounced about in your childhood, is the Kangru-Springshu—simply two shoe soles with strong springs between them. A pair of these might be used in bribing your young son to refrain from standing on the footboard and jumping down on to the springs of the guest-room bed.

A NEW CARD TABLE has a cover of soft green leatherette with a wide black border, which can't be burned by lighted cigarettes or cigars. Such a border might we think be useful around dinner tables, along mantelpieces and along chair arms. Years ago when you laid a cigarette down on the edge of a damask covered table, you could be sure that it would go out almost immediately. But they put something in them nowadays—is it saltpetre?—that keeps them burning until there's nothing left. So that we have a theory that it's the older generation of smokers who are guilty of the charred holes in upholstery and the brown scorches on mahogany that are so common in all well appointed homes today. But like all our theories, it doesn't seem to be of much practical use. We hand it on for what it's worth.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Singing Mouse

HIS talent had been noticeable when he was still too young to squeak; when his mother heard in that first sound something unknown to all her world of mice. Music!

From the beginning he was more difficult to raise than all her other children. No mouse could teach him anything, least of all his mother. He knew well enough that no matter how much he exasperated and terrified her, he could always charm her to his heart again. He had only to sit back upon his little haunches, gently sway his body from side to side in an ecstasy of rhythm, and sing.

A singing mouse! Unbelievable! She was awed by the immensity of her responsibility. For the singing mouse was intoxicated with living. There was no end to his curiosities and excitements. He would dare too much one final day and be eaten by the monster. Or broken in a trap. Or a female giant would whisk him deftly by the tail into an enormous bucket of water.

At the first uneasy breath of fall she began busily to protect her darling against the coming cold. She was tireless in her search for food to store up against the winter.

"Why do you work so hard?" he asked her. "I hear a quick beat in the air that makes me want to dance! Can't you hear it?"

But she shook her head and looked frightened. "It is the sound of winter," she warned him.

He was thrilled by it. He ran up and down along the rafters, and traced a maze inside the walls. He skipped along the baseboard of the giant's kitchen and stopped, only when he reached the pantry shelf, to hug himself with delight. From this high vantage spot the world looked enormous. The beauty and the wideness of it hurt him in his little chest. He laid a paw upon his beating heart. He swayed back and forth. He began to sing.

That night his mother could not sleep. They were all of them tucked safely in bed. All but her darling. She could not close her eyes. She could not think. That night, nor the next, nor all that week. Every night found her sitting with her nose out the front door, watching and whispering his name. At last she slipped into the cold darkness.

She had never traveled the world before, but she traveled it now. From cellar to garret and back again, she searched and called his name. She stopped at last in the middle of a great floor and began to weep. The cat might find her there for all of her. If she knew of a trap she would go to it. Her flood of tears began to soak the carpet where she crouched.

That sound! She forgot her tears and listened. She ran toward it and gazed upwards. High above her she heard it. With a jump she was on the table. She had found him. He was singing in a tiny house all his own, built of wire. The wire bars were so close that she could scarcely put her paw through. But when he saw it he stopped singing and caught it in his own.

"You are alive," she breathed. "You are alive."

But—"I wish I were dead," he said bitterly. "What use is there in being alive? Ever since that day She caught me on the shelf, She keeps me here. The giants come and stand around and wait for me to sing. Why should I sing for them?"

"The giants!" repeated his mother in awe. "They listen to your singing! They have built you a house! But that is fame," she cried, and her voice trembled. "Where is the cat?" she asked him suddenly.

"They lock the cat outside," replied her son. "I wish I were outside with her. I could run, and be free."

She left him finally, her heart was swollen with pride. They had built him a house. They had locked the cat outside. The giants came to hear the singing of her son. She moved from her warm house soon afterwards, so that she could be nearer to him, and when the giants came she would creep out and hide nearby in ecstasy. But there he sat, that unmanageable son of hers. There he would sulk until the giants left, their great voices shaking the room.

"Does it mean nothing to you," she asked him impatiently, "that they keep you alive, and adore you?"

But the genius was not listening. "I have heard such beautiful sounds lately," he was saying softly, "more beautiful than any I can make. Have you any idea where they come from?"

And the next night when she went to scold him he made no reply at all. He lay quite still and never moved a whisker. He looked as though he were listening. He looked as though he would never sing again.

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Beethoven: A Biography

(Continued from Page 265)

power in any other artist than himself.[1]

So the promising acquaintanceship was broken off. A sadder and wiser Goethe wrote about Beethoven's "utterly untamed personality." Beethoven noted: "Goethe is too fond of the atmosphere of courts, more so than is becoming to a poet."

His Excellency broke off all further relations with the composer and never even answered his letter asking for help with subscriptions to the "Missa Solemnis."

From Teplitz Beethoven wrote to an unknown admirer, little Emily, aged ten, who had embroidered him a stationery case and sent it with an enthusiastic epistle, placing him above all the old masters. His answer gives us pleasure by its unusual modesty and greatheartedness, which are in striking contrast to the swank of his rudeness towards Goethe and the princes.

" . . . Do not snatch from Handel, Haidn and Mozart their laurel wreaths; these belong to them, not yet to me. . . . Art and learning alone raise men to the divine level. If you ever want anything, my dear Emily, write confidently to me. The true artist has no pride, unfortunately he sees that his art has no limits, he feels obscurely how far he is from the goal, and while he is perhaps being admired by others, he mourns that he has not yet reached the point where his better genius like a distant sun, beckons him on." These words recall his exclamation at the end of his career: "It seems to me as though I had just begun to write!"

In this letter we find the same largeness of outlook which led Napoleon, who had, in his twenties, already made a brilliant start at subjugating Europe, to define that continent as a molehill, while he dreamed of outdoing the young man who had sighed for more worlds to conquer.

But the letter to little Emily is not an unmixed treat for lovers of the Master. It offers a painful glimpse of a less agreeable aspect. "I know no other superiorities of man, than those which enroll him among the better men; where I find these, there is my home."

Scattered through his letters are many such evidences of naïve priggishness.

(To the Bigots): "Never, never will you find me lacking in nobility, from childhood on I learned to love virtue." (This was written in 1808 shortly before he cheated Count Oppersdorf in the matter of an ordered symphony.)

Following a period of extravagance he wrote Varena (1813) about taking pay for a charity concert: "If I were in my usual position I would say straight out: 'Beethoven never accepts anything when the good of mankind is in question,'—but now, through my great benevolence I have been placed in a position. . . . ."

In 1817, when, despite Mr. Hyde, he had a large number of self-sacrificing friends, and was savagely persecuting Karl's mother, he noted in a "Sketch Book:" "God, help! Thous seest me abandoned by all humanity, for I will not perpetrate unrighteousness."

On July 7 of this year he wrote Frau Nanette Streicher, a woman whom he was overloading with all sorts of onerous tasks: "It goes very much against my grain to be burdensome to anybody, as I am accustomed to do things for others rather than to let them do things for me."

In the same year he wrote about his "love of honor," to Ries who represented the London Philharmonic Society, which he had cheated a few months before, in the matter of the three ordered overtures,—and was to cheat again. In 1824, writing to Schindler (about the time he was promising to four or more different publishers the "Missa," which he finally gave to still another) he referred to "the spotlessness of my character."

September 9, 1824, he wrote vaingloriously to the poet Nageli: "I am free of all petty vanity. . . . From childhood up my greatest joy and pleasure has been to be able to help others." This was shortly after the disgraceful scene at the supper which followed the first performance of the Ninth symphony, when his insults drove his unselfish guests and benefactors, Schuppanzigh and Schindler, from the untouched table.

The same year he wrote poor Tobias Haslinger, on whom he was to publish a cruel and disgraceful satire: "I have never revenged myself, even upon my fiercest foes."

To the publisher Schott (December 12, 1824) he simply and flatly declared in six words his perfection of character: "I have never done anything bad."

Mr. Lawrence Gilman feels that this priggishness is reflected in some of Beethoven's earlier slow movements. But here it is hard to follow this brilliant critic. His discovery seems as fantastic as if he were to find snobbishness leering from the fugues, or a hopeless passion for following the hounds feeding like a canker on the Trios of the *scherzos*. The writer can discover in Beethoven's music no more signs of his priggishness than of his hatred of light women or his mania for persecution.

The year of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow found Beethoven so full of symphony that composing the Seventh did not suffice to relieve him and, four months later he finished the Eighth[2]. It was signed *"Lintz, im Monat Oktober, 1812."* Though the Master misspelled Linz in this inscription, he put the place "on the map" forever. He had inexcusably gone there, in order to meddle in his brother Johann's most intimate concerns and drive from town Fräulein Therese Obermeyer, the mistress of that successful druggist. He succeeded only in coming to blows with Johann and involuntarily forcing him into an unhappy marriage with the girl. But these sordid alarums and excursions appear, surprisingly enough, to have had no effect on the gay wit of the Eighth symphony, except to take form in a grim outburst of musical wrath after the exposition in the first movement.

This work is the *Comedie Humaine* of music. Since his last spate of composition had started with the F minor quartet, the composer had evidently progressed a long way toward happiness. That quartet and the Eighth symphony are as complementary to one another as Milton's "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro." The F minor was fittingly named by its creator: Quartett Serioso. This symphony might as fittingly have been named "Sinfonia Giocosa."

1. The indirect tribute of this sort of jealousy was also paid Beethoven by Tolstoi. "We have seen with what animosity Tolstoi expresses himself in 'What is Art' on the subject of the 'pathological works of the deaf Beethoven' . . . The 'Kreutzer Sonata' allows us a glimpse into the depths of this passionate intensity. With what does Tolstoi reproach Beethoven? His power. He is like Goethe, listening to the Symphony in C minor, and, knocked off his feet by it, reacting with anger against the imperious master who has conquered him by the force of his own will." (Romain Rolland, "Vie de Tolstoi.")

2. F major, Op. 93.

(To Be Continued)

In a forthcoming issue

LEADERSHIP and JOURNALISM

by

STEWART BEACH

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Instruction

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

N. A. Temple-Ellis' The Inconsistent Villains Dutton

Although careless proof-reading and a too frequent use of "whom" tripped us occasionally in full career, we nevertheless read with close attention until the very end of this exciting thriller. Captain Arbuthnot, the detective, and his friend, Sir Edmund King,—no mere inglorious Watson, this latter—went down into the country for a rest. Just why they adopted aliases and disguised themselves was not too clear, but as soon as that hair-raising scream came out of the night, and the mysterious figure 3 was drawn in blood on the window pane, we forgot all that. The story is a bit complicated, but what with midnight pursuits, and secret caverns, and bombs and the smack of bullets on walls, there's plenty of action. And it's pretty well written.

Eleanor Mercein Kelly's The Book of Bette Harpers

We are glad to be able to say that this book is neither vital, gripping, nor important. Nor, on the other hand, is it trivial or dull. It is a pleasant, amusing, and sympathetic story of Basques, and of course Americans, in the Spanish Pyrenees, of the efforts of Bette's grandmother to marry her off, and of how Bette's various suitors, and occasionally Bette herself, interfered with these plans. Old Madame Urruty; Esteban, Bette's brother; and his American wife; the aristocratic and scholarly Comte des Luynes; Freddy, the American girl, and her three boy friends are all very real people. Mrs. Kelly knows her Basques, but she hasn't allowed her knowledge of them to spoil a good story.

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